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" 'THANK GOD WE'RE IN TIME!' THE RESCUERS SAID "

[P. 140

FOUR HEROES OF INDIA.

*CLIVE—WARREN HASTINGS—
HAVELOCK—LAWRENCE.*

WITH A CONCLUDING NOTE ON THE RULE OF LORD MAYO.

BY

F. M. HOLMES,

AUTHOR OF "WINNING HIS LAURELS," "FLEETLY, FLY," "JACK MARSTON'S
HORSE," ETC.

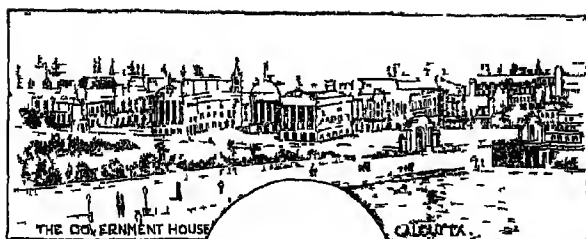


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PREFACE.

THE object of this little book is twofold. It seeks, first, to present biographical sketches of four of the great founders and preservers of our Indian Empire, and, secondly, to outline a history of British India itself.

It is chiefly for this second purpose that these four men have been selected, because they may be taken to represent four great epochs or divisions of that history, and not because it is thought that they alone are the most worthy or the most capable.

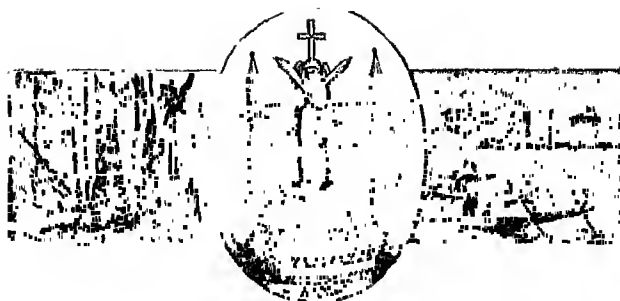
In preparing the volume, numerous authorities have been consulted ; and I would acknowledge my indebtedness to the excellent "Rulers of India" series, now in course of publication under the able editorship of Sir William Wilson Hunter. In that series I would particularly mention Captain L. J. Trotter's "Warren Hastings," which, avowedly largely based on the recently issued "Letters, Despatches, and other State Papers preserved in the Foreign Department of the Government of India, 1772-1785,"

edited by Mr. George W. Forrest, presents a very different view of the career of that great pro-consul from that given even by Macaulay—who strove to be just—in his brilliant essay. I would also express my acknowledgments to Mr. Archibald Forbes' "Life of Havlock," and to Mr. Bosworth Smith's "Life of Lord Lawrence." Any writer attempting to deal with the biography of the "saviour of India" would be foolish to ignore that standard work, with its amplitude of detail and fulness of private and personal information.

Popular ignorance and indifference concerning India are now no doubt fast passing away. The marvellous tale of the conquest and rule of that vast empire by a few British merchants and their high-spirited officials is becoming better known and better appreciated. Tardy justice is being dealt to some of them at last. But it may be questioned if, even now, the great mass of the British public is fully acquainted with that history.

This book does not pretend to present a full account, but simply to sketch some of its salient features, especially such as are connected with the lives of four of its great men.





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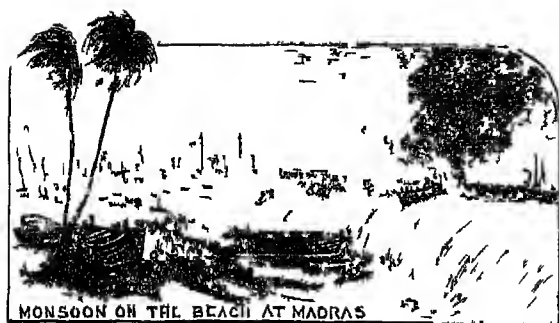
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FOUR HEROES OF INDIA.

Lord Clive,

THE FOUNDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE
IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROPHECY.

“**W**HYY! there’s Bob Clive a-top of the tower!”
In terror and astonishment the good folk of Market Drayton hurried to view the daring lad, the mischievous urchin of the little town, in his perilous position.

Yes, there he was, on the top of the lofty steeple; and, out of sheer love of danger, he lowered himself over the parapet on to a projecting spout, and coolly jerked away a few stones that had lodged there. He actually seemed to enjoy his position; no doubt the view was charming from that point of vantage, and he looked about him with much satisfaction.

A few years later and the scene is changed. We

are in an apartment at Writers' Buildings, Madras. Clive is there, and a companion enters and beholds him gloomy and depressed, with a pistol before him.

"Fire that out of window!" says Clive abruptly. The astonished clerk does so; and as the explosion rings through the room Clive leaps to his feet.

"There is something for me yet to do," he exclaims. "Twice I snapped that pistol at my own head in vain."

These two incidents in Clive's early career largely indicate his character. He was fiercely daring, and brave to a fault; but he was at times irritably restless, morbid, and subject to gloomy depressions, which, in the absence of powerful excitements, tended to render his life almost unbearable.

He was born of an old family. His ancestors had lived in Shropshire ever since the days of the second Henry; but his father, Richard Clive, was a lawyer, apparently in poor practice, and possessed of the family estate, which was of only moderate value. Robert Clive was the eldest son—the eldest of thirteen—and was born on September 29th, 1725, at Styche, the family estate, Moreton Tay, Market Drayton. His mother was the daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Gaskell, of Manchester, and appears to have been a superior woman. Perhaps had her little boy remained with her, his childhood might not have been so fierce and intractable. But when only between two and three years of age he was sent to an uncle, Mr. Bailey, of Hope Hall, Manchester, who had married one of Mrs. Clive's sisters. No doubt he was treated with kindness; but, writing to his father in June 1732, his Uncle Bailey spoke of the boy as "out of measure addicted to fighting." This was when Robert was only about seven years of age.

And his uncle had sorrowfully to acknowledge that they could not discipline his spirit "to the more valuable qualities of meekness, benevolence, and patience."


So we count it a misfortune for young Clive that in these early days he was not swayed by his mother's influence or his father's control. It may often happen that a daring, mischievous boy will yield to a parent's love and discipline and to nothing else. And from them in these early days Clive might have learned something of that strong self-control, the lack of which was one of his faults.

All his pastors and masters, however, did not give him a bad name. Dr. Eaton, the master of the first school to which Clive went, at Lostock in Cheshire, prophesied that if the boy "lived to be a man, and if opportunity enabled him to exert his talents, few names would be greater than his."

The prophecy has come true. Not free from stain though the name may be, yet few are indeed greater than his. Dr. Eaton must have been a sagacious man, and one wonders why Clive did not remain longer with him. The prediction was uttered before Clive was eleven years of age, for at that time he was sent to a school at Market Drayton.

His escapade of climbing the church tower must have occurred when he was only about twelve years of age; for in 1737 he was sent to Merchant Taylors' School, and finally to a private academy at Hemel Hempstead, where he remained until 1743.

It must have been during the year that Clive was at the Market Drayton School that he is said to have organised the lazy lads of the little place into a sort of marauding or blackmailing army, constraining the shopkeepers to pay halfpence and



apples, in return for which he warranted that their windows should be free from harm.

We hesitate to credit this story, which appears to rest on traditional or hearsay evidence only ; and we doubt if the shopkeepers, even of a small market town in the reign of George II., would have submitted to such blackmail except as a joke.

But the story indicates what no doubt was the truth, that Clive was audacious and troublesome, and also had a power for leadership. Fearless he was in outdoor attainments and pursuits, but could not be called studious ; in fact, he appears to have made but little use of his days at school.

What was to be done with this bold and reckless boy ? His father desired to make him a lawyer, but Robert would not hear of it ; and at length the difficulty was solved by procuring a writership for him, when he was eighteen years of age, in the East India Company's service at Madras.

No doubt his family hailed the appointment with delight. It was an excellent provision for the turbulent eldest son of a family of thirteen. He would be off their hands, for a time at least, though his father is said to have expressed the opinion that he would never succeed except in the fighting line. As it happened, that was precisely one of the lines in which he did succeed, though it is a mistake to suppose that he was a fighting man only.

So in the spring of 1743 Robert Clive embarked for Madras. He departed after a troublesome boyhood, in which he had earned for himself a questionable reputation for naughtiness and ignorance, but in which he had already shown signs of a strong will, of strong passions, and of a most remarkable and daring bravery.

CHAPTER II.

„IN SEARCH OF PEPPER.”

CLIVE had a tedious and even a dangerous passage. The ship was not seaworthy, and was obliged to put up at the Brazils for repairs. Such an incident is remarkable as to the state of communication between various parts of the world in those days. That a ship bound for East India should touch the Brazils seems very strange to us in these days, and especially that she should need to remain there nine months.

At the Brazils Clive spent all his money, and gained some knowledge of Portuguese ; a knowledge which no doubt became useful to him afterwards. But when the vessel set sail again another delay occurred at the Cape, so that it was not until the autumn of the next year that he sighted Madras. That is, he had been eighteen months performing a journey now accomplished in something like three weeks !

No peal of thundering guns welcomed the future conqueror, no portents or supernatural signs blazed in the sky. He saw simply a line of beating surf, with Fort St. George in the near distance ; and he might notice in the suburbs the white houses and pleasant gardens of the wealthier agents of the Company in whose service he was. The sky, the shore, and the dusky natives would all be strange, indeed, to the young English youth ; pleasant, too, no doubt, after the months at sea.

He stepped ashore worse than penniless. It is said that the long voyage had not only depleted his purse, but constrained him to borrow from the captain ;

and for this loan he had mortgaged his slender salary.

His prospects were far from bright. Before this daring, restless youth—he was scarcely nineteen—stretched a vista of dull employment—clerk's work, which he hated, and which was poorly paid. He could only hope to rise after years of this labour, unless he came to engage in private trade, by which some servants of the Company enriched themselves. Such a position, to a youth of his nature, must have been galling indeed; and in estimating his character and his life, this peculiarly painful condition, so different from that of scores of young Indian civil servants to-day, and so calculated to embitter and depress him, must be remembered.

Clive was also friendless as well as penniless. He had but one letter of introduction, and the gentleman to whom it was directed had sailed for England before he landed. Clive's shy and proud spirit, coupled with his poverty, prevented him from making friends or introducing himself to others. It is said that he was months in Madras before knowing a single household.

In yielding to this morose and recalcitrant spirit he was wrong. It was, perhaps, excusable under the circumstances, but he should have conquered himself. Thus, one day the Governor commanded him to apologise for some language he had uttered to a secretary, and as refusal would have meant dismissal, Clive morosely obeyed; but when the good-natured officer asked him to dinner, Clive angrily replied,—

"No, sir, I have not been told to dine with you."

It is obvious that if he acted much in this spirit he would not be likely to make friends. At the same time, it appears abundantly clear that his

untoward circumstances affected both his health and his character. It must have been about this time that he wrote home a touching letter, showing that he yearned for his home, and indulged in softer feelings for his relatives.

"I have not enjoyed," he writes, "one happy day since I left my native country"; and again, "At intervals, when I think of my dear native England, it affects me in a very particular manner." He speaks of Manchester as the centre of all his wishes; and says that if he should be so far blest as to revisit his own country, and especially Manchester, all he could hope for or desire would be presented before him in one view.

About this time he read a good deal. The Governor allowed him access to his library, and the young man appears to have made good use of it. But, when he had been clerk for about two years, an event occurred which changed the whole current of his career. The French seized Madras, compelling both the town and Fort St. George to capitulate.

In an instant, so to speak, all was changed. The French flag flew from the fort, the English were made prisoners of war, and the goods of the Company were impounded as prizes of battle.

This was the first act in a long and momentous drama. It had originated out of the hostilities between England and France in Europe connected with the Austrian succession. The Second George was the ally of Maria Theresa, and the French king took the opposite side. The battle begun in Europe extended to all parts where the two nations could come to close quarters. Labourdonnaye, who governed the Mauritius, led an expedition to India and conquered Madras. But he pledged himself that it should remain in French possession only until

it was ransomed, and that only a moderate ransom should be asked.

But now appears another character on the scene—Dupleix, Governor of the French settlement of Pondicherry. Dupleix was jealous of Labourdonnaye's success, and further, he did not desire that the English should flourish again at Madras. He therefore asserted that French conquests in India were at his disposal alone, as the Governor of Pondicherry,



FORT ST. GEORGE, MADRAS, IN 1754

and he declared that Madras should fall. In fact, he went so far as to convey the Governor and several of the most prominent men to his own town, march them through the streets in triumph, and place Madras under a French governor. These outrageous acts absolved the English at Madras from their promises, and all escaped who were able.

As might be supposed, Clive was one of these. In the guise of a Mohammedan, he fled in company with Mr. Maskelyne, a friend—for by this time he had made friends—and who afterwards became his brother-in-law. They shaped their course to Fort

St. David, a small British settlement subsidiary to Madras. And here for a short time he remained.

Now look abroad over the face of the country and glance at the position of affairs. The empire of Hindustan, the empire of the great Moguls, which had been raised on the ruins of other sovereignties, and whose seat was at imperial Delhi, was tottering to its fall. The Dutch, the Portuguese, the French, and the English, were present in different places as traders only.

The English, indeed, were the last in the field. They had gone there to buy pepper—which was very costly in the Middle Ages—and spices, and to trade in other goods. Perhaps our forefathers were too much occupied on the Spanish Main and in settling their difficulties at home to turn their attention greatly to the East ; and it was not until about 1612 that they obtained permission—the almost contemptuous permission—from the mighty Mogul of that day to erect trading houses at Surat. Then twenty-eight years later, a surgeon, about whose name a difference of opinion exists, obtained leave from the Emperor for the English to settle on the Hooghly—a settlement afterwards transferred to Calcutta. The surgeon had won favour of the Emperor by saving his daughter's life ; and in his turn the surgeon sought this concession for his countrymen, for a consideration from the East India Company.

This Company was formed in 1600 to trade with Hindustan, and it was in their service that Clive was clerk. Commerce between England and India may be said to have begun in 1591, when three ships were fitted out as a private adventure, but only one reached its destination ; and Captain Lancaster, its master, returned in another, his sailors

having mutinied ; but the tales he told led to the fitting out of a commercial voyage and the founding of a trading company. Its first charter was dated December 1600, and it was frequently renewed. In that year its capital stood at £72,000, and it sent out four ships. Its efforts were crowned with success, and its stock rose high ; £100 stock selling for £500 in 1683. Another company obtained a charter in 1698 ; but ultimately the two were united—in 1702—and obtained a new charter, giving them the right to raise troops and make peace and war. Before this, however, they had established themselves at Madras, and Bombay had come into English hands as part of the dowry of Charles II.'s Portuguese queen, Catherine of Braganza.

Thus then, when the French governor, Dupleix, carried off the English Governor of Madras the English had these four principal stations in India, to which may be added, among others, Cuddalore, on the coast of Coromandel, and Vizagapatam, between Bengal and the Carnatic. They had three weak forts,—Fort St. George at Madras, Fort St. David at Cuddalore, and Fort William at Calcutta.

The idea of the English in India at this time was to conduct peaceful commerce, and not to embark on aggression. They were the agents of a trading company and not soldiers, though they had a few fighting men. It is not surprising, therefore, that Labourdonnaye won an easy victory when he circumvented the British fleet in those waters—the greater part of our fleet probably having plenty to do elsewhere at that war period—and forced the traders of Madras to capitulate on what they considered honourable terms.

The aggression of Dupleix, however, put quite a.

new face on affairs. He assembled an army and besieged Fort St. David, whither the English had fled from Madras ; and the British were obliged to defend themselves. Young Clive, of course, was in this adventure. He seems to have volunteered as a soldier to defend the place, and wherever the fight was thickest we may be sure that his bright bayonet shone.

CHAPTER III.

TILL WINNING OF ARCOT.

THE French did not win Fort St. David. The English kept them at bay until Admiral Griffin appeared off the coast, and then Dupleix retreated. But Clive had won his spurs. He had so distinguished himself that he was made an ensign in the Company's corps—a post which, however, did not take him from his clerkship, except during hostilities.

By this time no doubt his daring spirit was becoming better known. A story is told that while staying at Fort St. David, before the siege had commenced, he indulged in gambling, and quickly lost a large sum to two officers. Subsequently he detected them in cheating. Thereupon he declared he would not pay what he had lost. A terrible quarrel followed, and one, thinking perhaps to intimidate the young man of barely twenty-one, demanded a duel.

He little knew his man. Clive acquiesced at once, fired and missed ; whereupon his adversary stepped up to him, put his pistol to Clive's head, and told him to ask for his life. Clive did so.

"Now apologise," demanded the officer.

"I won't!" said Clive.

"Then I will shoot you!" exclaimed the bully.

"Shoot!" exclaimed Clive. "I said you cheated, and you did."

The bully was amazed, put down his pistol, and muttered that Clive must be mad. Probably to kill the young man in practically cold blood would have been too much, even at Fort St. David in those days; and the affair ended. But whatever might be thought of it, the fact of Clive's untamable courage remains, and, coupled with his conduct during the siege, no doubt raised his reputation very high.

In the little war that followed between French and English, Clive continued to distinguish himself, especially at the siege of Pondicherry; and Major Lawrence, then the ablest British commander in India, noticed him particularly. But the two countries made peace. Dupleix restored Madras, and Ensign Clive went back to his desk.

Yet life was not as it was before, either for him or for the French and English traders. It became clear to the shrewder men that though peace was established at home a fight must come in India. There was not, under the circumstances, room for both, especially when the chaotic condition of native politics, and the openings for intrigues so presented, were considered.

While these intrigues were proceeding Clive was plodding along again as clerk in Writers' Buildings, Madras, with ledgers and bills of lading. Once, if not oftener, he left his uncongenial employment to help Major Lawrence in some small fighting with the natives, and then once more he returned to his desk. As a writer in the Company's service Clive

would have to assist in keeping the accounts and perhaps also help in supervising the warehousing of goods, such as calicoes, silk, porcelain, drugs, pepper, and saltpetre, bartered for the lead, woollen cloth, and hardware sent out by the Company to India.

Business would probably be over by noon because of the heat, and then no doubt some of the Company's servants would enjoy their siesta ; while in the evening they could again venture out of doors when a fresh breeze blew in from the Bay of Bengal. But the heat must have been almost insupportable, and indeed Clive's health suffered from it. Such devices as punkahs for tempering the heat in rooms were then unknown.

Meanwhile Dupleix, the French governor, was cherishing a deep design—nothing less than the founding of a French empire on the chaos following the fall of the Moguls or Emperors of Hindustan.

For they had fallen. The successors of great Tamerlane were at that time but feeble puppets, and the once great empire was divided and subdivided among nizams and nabobs, who professed allegiance, and paid a tribute, but were practically independent and mutually hostile. Aurungzebe, who had passed away in 1707, some forty years before Clive came on the scene, was the last of the successors of the great Tamerlane who had ruled with vigour and effect. Therefore the rival French and English Companies had the shadow of a great power only above them—a tradition of imperial authority—but really they had to deal with a number of petty princes virtually independent and jealous of each other.

In short, chaos had come. Persians, Afghans, and wild Mahrattas swept whole parts of the country with

fire and sword. Incalculable treasures were carried off from imperial Delhi by Nadir Shah and his Persians; fierce Rajpoots from the north-west declared themselves free from the imperial yoke, and many a predatory chieftain levied atrocious blackmail.

Such was the situation when, in 1748, died the Viceroy, or Nizam of the Deccan. This province was practically the south of India. Pretenders arose not only to the Nizam's seat, but also to a subordinate territory called the Carnatic. For the Deccan was subdivided into various states governed by rajahs or nabobs, who strove to be independent of the Nizam, as did he of the Emperor, or Great Mogul, at Delhi.

Two pretenders sought the help of the French. These were Mirzapha Jung, who claimed the place of the late Nizam, and Chunda Sahib, who desired to be Nabob of the Carnatic. These two made common cause, and applied to Dupleix for aid.

It was a perilous course to adopt, as other countries have found to their cost. But, no doubt, they thought it a master stroke, especially as it appeared successful. Dupleix sent a few French troops and a large contingent of Indian soldiers trained in European style. A battle was fought, in which they were successful. Mirzapha became Nizam of the Deccan, and Chunda Sahib master of the Carnatic. Dupleix profited greatly by his policy. The new Nizam heaped power and riches upon him, until he ruled a province almost as large as his native France, and became possessed of immense wealth. Further, he had such influence with the Nizam—that is, with the Viceroy of the south of India—that even to gain attention to a petition from that potentate the good word of Dupleix must be gained.

Here we see the beginnings of a policy which was afterwards used with such immense effect by the English themselves—viz., the policy of ruling through native dignitaries, who soon became puppets in the hands of their virtual masters. It is difficult to see what other policy could be pursued in the confusion that prevailed, unless the English were to give up connection with India altogether.

For as the power of Dupleix increased,—and it did increase at an alarming rate,—the natives themselves began to view the English with contempt. Speaking generally, it may almost be said that mankind as a whole, and certainly the Oriental portion of the race, despise those whom they think weak. They thought the English weak. Had they not seen the French masters at Madras ; had not the French given very potent aid to the Nizam of the Deccan ?

The Nizam Mirzapha died, but Dupleix soon assisted another ruler of the same family to succeed him, and all Mirzapha's promises were kept. In fact, Dupleix came to be the greatest power on the whole peninsula at that time. A triumphal column, celebrating his success, was raised, medals were struck, and a town, bearing the proud name of the City of Dupleix's Victory, was built. He was French to the core, we may say, in these theatrical effects ; and he accomplished on the plains of India, with his column and his arrogantly entitled city, something of what Napoleon did later in France.

The English had not recognised Chunda Sahib as the Nabob of the Carnatic. They regarded Mohammed Ali, the son of the previous Nabob, as the true heir. But now Mohammed Ali reigned in Trichinopoly alone, and at length his rival, Chunda Sahib, with his French allies, laid siege to that place also.

Now what policy were the English to pursue? Should they continue their inactivity, refuse aid to Mohammed, and behold their French rivals become masters of India; or should they strike a blow for themselves and their allies?

In the intoxication of success Dupleix had already planted the flags of France about Fort St. David and Madras, intimating that all beyond was French, and further intimating that these settlements would soon become French also.

At the time of the siege of Trichinopoly, Madras was without an officer of any great repute. Major Lawrence, who had a high opinion of Clive's military powers, had returned to England. "Born a soldier" is said to have been his verdict on his young ensign.

The present crisis was Clive's opportunity. He was now twenty-five years of age, and had been made a commissary to the soldiers with a captain's rank, a post partaking of both a civil and a military character, for he was charged with the task of furnishing food and clothing to the little army. He now startled the authorities by urging that Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, should be attacked. This stroke might cause its usurping Nabob to raise the *siege of Trichinopoly*.

Such a proposition was just like Clive. Bold and audacious in the extreme, it exhibited his character exactly. It was also his principle not to wait to be attacked, but to carry the war into the enemy's country; and he acted upon that principle now.

Yet we can well imagine that his superiors were aghast at his daring suggestion. Attack Arcot with only their small force! It would be madness!

Nevertheless, Clive had now won some consideration for himself. He had exhibited wisdom, sound

judgment, and great gallantry, and, what was perhaps more remarkable for him, an improved demeanour toward his superior officers. An attempt under Captain Ginger, to aid Mohammed, had not been very successful, and at length Mr. Saunders, the Governor, gave Clive his permission.

The English felt their position terribly insecure, and saw at last that the time had come to strike a blow, if only in self-defence. They gave the young commissary a couple of hundred British soldiers, and three hundred natives trained in the European manner. These latter were called Sepoys. Clive had only eight officers under him, and of these, four were clerks of the Company, as Clive himself had been.

Great though the risk was, we can well suppose that Clive leapt to his saddle with a high spirit. At length a time of action had come, and the clerkly drudgery he detested was put aside. The weather was bad—thunder crashed across the sky, the lightning flashed and the rain fell, but the dauntless Clive led on his little troop, and entered Arcot without firing a shot. That is, the garrison were so panic-stricken that they fled from the fort in terror. The first step was successful. But would Clive be able to keep what he had won?

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST BLOW FOR BRITISH PRESTIGE.

THE frightened garrison soon recovered their presence of mind. With reinforcements, they encamped near the fort. But they little knew Clive. He had at once begun to prepare for a siege, and now, in the darkness of the night, he dashed out

from the fort, attacked the opposing force, though six times his numbers, dispersed them, and retired without the loss of a single soldier.

This sort of thing was something new. When Dupleix and his allies heard of it they must have wondered what it meant. The usurping Nabob, Chunda Sahib, sent off four thousand men from his besieging force at Trichinopoly ; Dupleix sent one hundred and fifty French soldiers from Pondicherry, and two thousand natives came from Vellore. Added to these were the remains of the three thousand whom Clive had scattered in his midnight *sortie*. Rajah Sahib, a son of Chunda, commanded the army, which altogether amounted to ten thousand men.

And then commenced the famous siege of Arcot, an episode which was to raise British prestige so high in the East, that it is not unworthy to rank with Agincourt itself.

Look at the position. Here were a small handful of Englishmen, now reduced to a hundred and twenty only, with a couple of hundred friendly Sepoys, scantily supplied with food, and defending a crumbling Eastern fortress. Before them was an army of ten thousand, with a hundred and fifty French soldiers among them, flushed with victory and success.

But the British leader, though a young man of five-and-twenty who had been bred a clerk, had a full measure of the indomitable English spirit. His back was to the wall, so to speak, and in that position he meant to win. He inspired his little band with his own high courage, and aroused in them a devotion equal to, or surpassing, that of soldiers for some of the great commanders of the world.

For fifty days the siege continued—days of inces-

sant labour and strenuous defence. Clive was shut up in the fort, or citadel. The town, which it is said held a population of one hundred thousand, had been undefended, and was in the possession of Rajah



LORD CLIVE.

From a picture by Dance.

Sahib. The incidents of those memorable seven weeks would surely make a stirring story. Food began to run short, and it is recorded that the Sepoys willingly gave up their rice to their English comrades, saying they could subsist on the water in which the

grain had been boiled. It is a striking testimony to Clive's just and kindly treatment of them, and also to his power of command, that, throughout, the Indian Sepoys were always faithful and attached to him.

At length came the day of final attack. It was November 14th, 1751, a sacred day with the Moslems, a day when it was believed that whosoever died in battle passed at once to Paradise. The Rajah had tried to bribe Clive. He had learned that some wild Mahrattas, who had been paid to assist Mohammed Ali, were approaching, and that Captain Kilpatrick, with a battalion of English soldiers, was coming from Madras. So he strove to arrange terms.

But Clive would have none of them. He boldly told the Rajah that his father was a usurper, and that he dare not send his soldiers to a breach defended by the English.

A breach had been made in the walls, and the besieging force prepared to storm the citadel. Three explosions gave the signal, and full of fanatic zeal, and stimulated to intense excitement by strange drugs, whose home seems to be in the burning Orient, the native soldiers rushed madly to the fray.

They dashed forward in four divisions. But Clive was ready for them. Each attack was met by volleys of musketry and of cannon, the musketry being the chief; and the front rank of the defenders continually fired while the rear rank loaded.

Elephants with armed foreheads were driven to the attack, in the hope that they would batter down the gates; but the rain of musket-balls turned them back. Clive seemed everywhere. His forces had been reduced, but each man seemed endued with double strength under his inspiring guidance.

These circumstances throw strong light on Clive's

character. He was not afraid to work with his men, and yet he retained his command over them, and gained their devotion and respect. Further, the most fearful odds could not appal him. He had but two hundred men against ten thousand ; but he never gave way, and the two hundred won !

After being beaten back at all points three times in succession, the assailants retired ; and when next morning dawned they had disappeared, leaving large booty behind.

Only about half a dozen of the garrison were lost. So excellent were Clive's arrangements for the defence, that it is said of him, "Although at the time he had neither read books, nor conversed with men capable of giving him instruction in the military art, all the resources which he employed in the defence of Arcot were such as are dictated by the best masters in the science of war."

With his usual energy, Clive carried on his operations directly he obtained more men. Seven hundred were sent him, of whom two hundred were English. The fort of Timcry fell ; the Mahratta General, who now began to respect the English, joined his force, and the two attacked Rajah Sahib, gaining a complete victory. As a result, six hundred Sepoys came over to the side of Clive, and the Governor of Arcot recognised Mohammed Ali as Nabob of the Carnatic.

During the war wherever Clive was there was victory ; but the feeble action and incapacity of Captain Ginger and of some others prolonged the struggle. At one time, indeed, the English settlement around Fort St. George was laid waste by Rajah Sahib and his French allies—a proceeding, however, for which Clive made them pay dearly.

In the course of the combat the daring young Englishman utterly destroyed the City of the Victory of Duplex, with its pompous pillar, and by this striking object-lesson taught the South of India that the French were not yet masters, and that the British could hold their own and punish assaults. Finally, the siege of Trichinopoly was raised, and Mohammed Ali was free. Chunda Sahib was slain by the Mahrattas.

The rise of British supremacy in India dates from these events, more particularly from the ever-memorable siege of Arcot. That great episode made a profound impression. The Mahrattas were convinced at last that the English could fight as well as trade, though they said that the defenders of Trichinopoly were of different metal from the defenders of Arcot. Duplex, it is true, continued to intrigue, and fought hard to maintain his position. But it was of no avail. He was not himself a soldier, and he would not, or could not, become one. Nor was he well supported by his captains or by his countrymen at home. Yet he did not yield without desperate struggles; but his battle was a losing fight, for steadily the English power continued to grow.

CHAPTER V.

AT HOME AGAIN.

CLIVE could not only lead men, he could train them. The Company had sent out a couple of hundred raw recruits, some of whom were the scum of London. So cowardly and undisciplined were they that when, on one occasion, a shot killed one of their number, the rest ran away,

and Clive had considerable difficulty in rallying them. But though in poor health, their leader determined to make them soldiers. He constantly placed himself in perilous positions, and he gradually familiarised them to danger. So successful was he, in short, that he was able to take Chingleput—supposed to be one of the strongest fortresses in India—without storming. This success may be said to have closed the war, the British being victorious.

Clive's health was now very poor. He had carried out his operations with his usual energy, but he was too unwell to remain at Madras. Major Lawrence had returned to India before this, and Clive had readily consented to serve second to his old friend. Lawrence had appreciated Clive, and had been kind to him in earlier days, and the haughty and daring young man had not forgotten it. Possibly, if others had treated him in a similar manner, Clive might also have behaved to them as he behaved to Lawrence.

The war being over, Clive took to himself a wife, and to her, throughout life, he appears to have been a deeply attached husband. She was Miss Margaret Maskelyne, sister of the Astronomer Royal, and daughter of Mr. Edmund Maskelyne, of Purton, Wilts. The marriage took place just before Clive and his young wife returned to England.

How their hearts must have been thrilled with thoughts of each other during the war! One can imagine that, even in those fifty days at Arcot, Clive dwelt often on his lady-love, and that she was in constant fear and trembling, not unmixed with pride, at her lover's danger and her lover's heroism. It gives a touch of a tenderer romance to that brave defence, to think of Clive cherishing his feelings of love for his absent sweetheart in that perilous time.

But the war was for him happily rounded off by the mellow music of wedding bells, and then Clive's first sojourn in India came to an end.

During the ten years he had been there he had indeed altered his position. He had reversed his fortune, and accomplished great work for his country, Ten years before he was a slighted, misunderstood, and somewhat unkindly treated lad ; now, though barely twenty-eight years of age, he was regarded as in the front rank of British soldiers, with honours unstained by wanton bloodshed or by cruelty.

The Company he had served so well thanked him warmly, and the Directors presented him with a sword beset with jewels ; though he refused to accept it unless his old friend and superior officer, Lawrence, were similarly treated. Everywhere he found himself admired and approved. The young man who had foiled the schemes of the French, and turned the tide of trade, was received with open arms.

At his own home, as elsewhere, this reversal of regard was marked, and his relations were now almost immoderately proud of him. He paid off the mortgage on the little estate of Styche, and released the family from pecuniary difficulties. The amount he paid for his father was about £9,000, and he was also careful to provide for his parents in the future.

Then, unfortunately lacking, as he was at times, in self-control, he wasted the remainder of his fortune in about two years. It is strange that a man who was so cool, so sagacious, so prudent, and yet so daring in war, should burst out at times into such uncontrolled extravagances.

One method by which he ran through his money was by a contested Parliamentary election, which

was followed by a petition: a very sure means in those days of getting rid of money speedily. The constituency which he fought was the remarkably rotten borough of St. Michael, in Cornwall, which was deservedly extinguished by the Reform Bill of 1832. Here he opposed the nominee of the Duke of Newcastle, Clive himself being in the interest of Lord Sandwich, who was supported by Fox. Clive was returned, but was unseated on petition, though at first the committee was in his favour.

These reverses caused him once more to think of India. Events there had been favourable to England, but signs were not wanting that a war was impending, and the Directors desired that a competent officer should be in command of their Indian settlements. So in 1755 Clive set sail a second time for the country over which he exercised such immense influence. His appointment by the Directors was that of Governor of Fort St. David, while he held also a Lieutenant-Colonel's commission in the army.

He found affairs somewhat different from those which prevailed when he had left. Dupleix, the arch intriguer, had been recalled. Godhen, who had succeeded him, had concluded a treaty with Mr. Saunders, the English Governor, by which France and England retained only their coast settlements necessary for trade, and Mohammed Ali was allowed to remain the undisputed Nabob. Unfortunately, however, Indian affairs themselves, the third factor in the situation, were not reliable. They did not emerge from the chaotic state into which they had previously fallen, and the English became involved in the disputes of their ally, Mohammed, while the French, with Bussy at their head, became implicated

in the affairs of the Nizam of the Deccan. Further, the year after Clive left England, war was again declared in Europe between France and England.

But in that year occurred an event, one of the most horrible that stains the page of history, which completely altered the course of affairs, and shifted the centre of absorbing interest from Madras to Calcutta, and which was in due time followed by the conquest of Bengal.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

ONE summer day in the year 1756, the English settlement at Fort St. David was suddenly thrilled with horror at the atrocity which lives in history as the "Black Hole" of Calcutta.

The news came with startling abruptness. Clive had been at the settlement some two months as Governor, and it is significant of the time occupied in communicating with different parts of the country that the atrocity itself was committed immediately after the day he entered Fort St. David—viz., June 20th, 1756. Yet Madras did not hear of it until August 16th.

Clive probably knew that the old viceroy of Bengal, in which Calcutta is situated, had died, and that he had been succeeded by his grandson, Surajah Dowlah ; but neither he nor any of the English were prepared to find that Surajah was so mean, so cruel, and so dissolute as he proved to be, exhibiting both hatred and contempt of the English, while cherishing exaggerated ideas of the riches he might attain by plundering them.

Clive would also know that the English in Bengal at that time were traders only, as they had been at Madras. They paid rent for their settlement, and, like other holders of the land, exercised certain powers in their territory. Expecting hostilities with the French, on account of the war declared that year, they began to fortify their settlement; and on this ground, and the pretext that a native was sheltered



THE "BLACK HOLE" MONUMENT, CALCUTTA.

there, and was not given up when desired, the young despot, Surajah, marched to Fort William with a large army. Clive would grind his teeth in rage to learn that the Governor and even the military commander fled, and that after a little resistance the place fell into Surajah's hands with many English prisoners.

Then was perpetrated the most horrible atrocity of the Black Hole. Surajah Dowlah promised the prisoners that their lives should be spared, and then retired to sleep. The guards marched their captives

—one hundred and forty-six in number—to a room twenty feet square, and ordered them to enter.

They laughed at the idea, and thought it was a joke. But it was no joke; and the barbarous guards forced them in at the sword's point, and the door was fastened.

Not even the most horrible tortures of the Inquisition surpass the torments of that fearful night. The season was summer, when in Bengal the heat is hardly bearable by the English even under favourable conditions; the windows of the prison were small and partly blocked; the torture of burning thirst, of stifling heat, and of the fearful lack of air became maddening. The seething mass of victims cried for pity, thundered at the doors, lost their reason, and fought and trampled on one another, while the fiendish guards held lights to the little windows, and laughed and jested at the fearful scene. Holwell, the highest in rank among the prisoners, endeavoured to bribe the guards; the answer was that Surajah Dowlah was asleep and could not be awakened; he would be very angry if roused from slumber.

The fearful night wore itself away. Gradually the cries sank into the moans of the dying, and when day dawned the fierce heat had already begun to decompose the dead bodies. Of the hundred and forty-six men and women driven into that dreadful den one hundred and twenty-three were dead. The remainder, though alive, were so changed when the Nabob ordered the door to be opened, that they could not have been recognised by their own relations.

Nor was this the end. One Englishwoman alone had survived. She was sent to the Nabob's harem;

other survivors from whom no valuables could be extracted were most cruelly treated. Some who could pay were let off. The guards were not punished, and Surajah Dowlah prohibited the English from living in the neighbourhood of Fort William.

When our countrymen at Madras heard the dreadful news the cry was at once for punishment. Where was Clive? He was the man to settle this business. And he was sent for post haste from Fort St. David.

Since leaving England Clive had, together with Admiral Watson, reduced the stronghold of an ocean pirate who bore the name of Angria, and a prize had fallen to the conquerors of some £150,000. But sterner work was now afoot—work which would not only exercise his military ability in a very high degree, but would also call forth his powers as a statesman.

What troops had he? Nine hundred English soldiers and fifteen hundred Scpoys. These were all with which he set sail; and though he embarked in October, he did not reach port till December.

But he set to work at once. Rapidly he regained Fort William and Calcutta; and advancing twenty-five miles up the river, captured the wealthy city of Hooghly. Then the Nabob began to treat for peace, and, though greatly enraged, offered to compensate those whom he had robbed.

A great crisis in Clive's career was now at hand. Hitherto he had been chiefly a soldier, now he was to appear as a statesman also. Most probably he would have preferred to continue the war with vigour and energy, to have burned a punishment broad and deep upon the heart of Bengal, and have settled affairs by the dreadful arbitrament of battle. As it

was, the terrible punishment was but delayed, and to some extent marred, by questionable proceedings.

The control of affairs was largely with a committee who favoured a policy of peace. Diplomatic communications thereupon ensued, concerning which much difference of opinion has existed. Mr. Watts, who was in the Company's service, and an Indian merchant named Omichund, were the two chief channels of negotiation,—Omichund, as after events showed, being a treacherous villain of the deepest dye.

But when at length a treaty was concluded, Surajah Dowlah intrigued with the French at Chandernagore, and sought their aid in the Deccan to sweep the English out of his province.

No sooner did the audacious Clive hear of this, than, seconded by Admiral Watson, he moved rapidly on Chandernagore, and captured it before reinforcements could arrive. Deprived of this assistance, the weak and cruel Nabob still continued his vacillating policy. He sent a portion of the compensation due for the evil he had wrought ; then he urged Bussy from the Deccan to hurry to Bengal.

Meantime, his people had become disgusted with his rule. A formidable plot was elaborated to depose the tyrant and place his chief military commander, Meer Jaffier, on his throne instead. Would the English assist in this enterprise ? If so they should be most liberally compensated. Some members of the Committee hesitated ; Clive declared for acceptance, and his voice prevailed.

In the very crisis of the plot Omichund threatened to play false. At the very moment that Clive was about to take the field openly against Surajah Dowlah, the traitorous Hindu announced that he would betray the plotters to the Nabob and cause

them all to be killed, unless he was guaranteed £300,000 in the treaty between the English and Meer Jaffier.

The Committee were aghast, but what was to be done? Then did Clive perpetrate that great act of bad faith which must ever remain a stain on his character. He caused two treaties to be prepared, one on white and the other on red paper, the latter giving Omichund all he asked for, but the former alone to be acted upon. He persuaded the Committee to agree to this, urging that any way of punishing such a scoundrel was justifiable, and because Admiral Watson refused to sign the fictitious treaty Clive forged his name. Omichund was satisfied, and the plot was not revealed.

This act of bad faith, and also the gross dissimulation practised on Surajah Dowlah, are to be condemned. That ruler deserved severe punishment, no doubt, and the Bengalces were justified in rising against such a man. But it is lamentable that a man like Clive, who usually acted as a high-minded and honourable English gentleman, should on occasion have stooped so low. No doubt the danger was extreme. But it has been well for the English rule in India that amid the quaking quagmire of Indian treachery English faith has usually stood firm. Our successful rule in India would otherwise have probably been impossible.

The plot being now fixed, Clive altered the tone of his letters to the Nabob, and put his troops in motion. Surajah Dowlah likewise collected his forces, and marched to meet his foe.

Then Meer Jaffier failed to fulfil his part of the bargain. At a critical moment he was to have detached his division and come over to Clive. But the

English reached Cossimbazar, a few miles from Surajah Dowlah's mighty army, and Meer Jaffier came not.

Once more was Clive placed in a most difficult and dangerous position. Before him lay an army twenty times the size of his own, a river ran between, his allies evaded the fulfilment of their promise, and the majority of his Council decided against fighting.

At first Clive agreed. Perhaps for a moment even his resolute spirit quailed before the tremendous odds and the onerous responsibility. But a young officer named Coote, who was destined to become famous in Anglo-Indian annals, warmly protested, and Clive retired under some trees and gravely pondered the matter. He changed his mind. Once more his audacious bravery reigned supreme, and he gave orders that his little army of three thousand should cross the river on the morrow in the face of fifty-five thousand of the enemy.

That hour under the trees had decided the fate of Bengal. Had Clive not determined to change the decision of the Council, the epoch-making battle of Plassey might never have been fought.

But Clive mingled prudence with his bravery. He crossed the river next day, and encamped within a mile of the enemy; but he disposed his slender force most skilfully, for it was shielded and partially hidden on the day of battle by a mango wood.

Nevertheless he appears to have felt the responsibility acutely. The night before the battle he could not sleep. The sound of cymbals and of gongs and metal ghurries, clashed forth from the buzzing camp, eternally reminded him, if he needed reminding, of the tremendous odds against which he would fight on the morrow.

The morrow dawned, a day fraught with the fate

of empire, a day that might be called the Waterloo of India. No sooner had the sun risen than the Nabob's soldiery poured forward along many lines toward the mango wood where lay Clive's little force. Of this, scarce a thousand were British soldiers ; but British officers led throughout, and British discipline prevailed.

The Nabob had fifty pieces of artillery in addition to some French guns, but the former, placed on platforms and dragged by bullocks, were badly served, and effected little or no damage among the British forces. Clive's eight or nine pieces of cannon, however, did terrible execution among the glittering and serried masses of the enemy. Until noon the battle was practically an artillery duel. A shower of rain damaged the Nabob's ammunition, and not having hurt that of the English is said to have induced superstitious fears among the natives. They were much disheartened also by the loss of several officers, and began to retreat, but the French contingent stood firm. A gallant *sortie* from the mango wood was now made by the British, who captured their position ; and then Clive ordered an advance of the whole line. A division of the enemy was seen bearing down upon the British right. Clive opened fire upon it at once, and it broke and fled.

The British swept forward to a position whence they could open fire upon the camp, and round shot and grape crashed into the enemy's lines with destructive effect. The most baffling confusion prevailed, and the Nabob's army were soon in full retreat. One division held its ground, and that proved to be Meer Jaffier's command.

The British forced their way into the camp, but in truth there was little opposition. Surajah Dowlah

himself escaped early, reached Moorshedabad, took a casket of jewels, and hurried on to Patna. A few days later he was executed—an event with which Clive had nothing to do.

Quantities of rich spoil fell to the victors. Meer Jaffier, who on the day following the battle was proclaimed Subadhar, or Nabob, presented quantities of treasure to Clive and his colleagues. But when Omichund's turn came, he was told the treaty he had seen was a trick, and he would have nothing. The blow was terrible ; he staggered as though struck, and although Clive endeavoured to be kind to him he never recovered from the shock. He sank into drivelling idiocy, and in a few months he died.

How far Meer Jaffier had been treacherous to both sides it is impossible to say. He certainly rendered the English no overt help on the great day of the battle, but whether he counselled the weak and cruel Surajah Dowlah to retreat we cannot decide.

However, it was not Clive's desire to quarrel with him, and Jaffier treated the English well. In fact, the province was at Clive's feet. The Directors of the Company appointed him Governor of their settlements in Bengal, and Clive set himself to use his great powers for the benefit of the country.

He ordered an expedition against the French north of the Carnatic, which met with brilliant success ; he defended Meer Jaffier and the Governor of Patna against Shah Alum, who threatened their rule ; and, in 1759, he broke the power of the Dutch, who endeavoured to compete with the English authority in Bengal.

Three months later he sailed for Britain. Rewards and honours poured thick upon him. He was created an Irish peer with the title of Lord

Clive, Baron Plassey. George III., who was then a young king, and the ministers of the day, welcomed him with much distinction.

Writing of his title he said in a letter to Major Carnac, "If health had not deserted me on my arrival in England, in all probability I should have been an English peer instead of an Irish one, with the promise of a red riband. I know I could have bought the title (which is usual), but that I was above, and the honours I have obtained are free and voluntary."

His fortune is calculated by Sir John Malcolm to have been more than £40,000 per annum—a large sum in those days and for a young man of thirty-four, who, some fourteen years previously, had had nothing but a small salary to call his own!

He was liberal with his wealth. The stream of gold greatly enriched his friends and relatives. His parents received an annuity of £800 a year; his sisters and other relatives and friends a round sum altogether of about £20,000, whilst he gave £500 a year to his old friend and commander Major Laurence—a fact most creditable to his character.

Once more he began to cultivate a Parliamentary career. This time he was successful, and was returned as member for Shrewsbury. But he did not shine in political life at home; in fact, his heart and mind, as was only natural, were in that vast country upon which he had already exercised such great influence. He inclined to the Liberal or the Whig side, and was first attached to Fox; then the great genius of Pitt attracted him; while, finally, he allied himself to Grenville. But in truth India was always in his thoughts, and his conduct was largely guided by considerations connected with that country.

In the affairs of the East India Company he naturally took much interest, and spent large sums of money in purchasing stock to give him influence at its meetings.

Now one of the Directors, named Sullivan, had become bitterly jealous of Clive, and, though apparently reconciled, the two men were at heart enemies. All the Directors were elected annually, and in 1763, Clive attempted to oust Sullivan and break the power of his faction. In this he was not successful, and the new Board of Directors unjustly resolved to deprive him of the rent of a fine estate in India bestowed on him by Meer Jaffier. This rent was in a sense paid by the Company, for the land was tenanted by them. Probably this was not pleasing to the Directors, but they had no right to attempt to take it from him.

He had rendered Meer Jaffier very great service, and this assignment was in recognition thereof, while the position of the Company in India was so anomalous that it is exceedingly difficult to define how far its servants were justified in receiving presents. Clive could defend himself in England as in India, and he filed a Bill in Chancery against the Directors.

Meanwhile gross misgovernment had arisen in Bengal. Every ship brought bad tidings. The country was practically at the feet of an irresponsible trading company, who found government forced upon them, but yet would not exercise it, or only through weak and impotent native rulers. The English were there to transact business, not to conquer territory ; but unhappily they were not over careful as to the means they used to obtain profitable trade.

Further, the servants of the Company traded on

their own account, and large fortunes were made while the Company gained little. Revolution succeeded revolution. Meer Jaffier was followed by Meer Cossim, who in his turn was deposed, but not until a terrible massacre had taken place at Patna. Chaotic misgovernment reigned supreme.

Again the cry was for Clive. He was the man of iron will, of audacious bravery, and of clear sight, who could bring order out of this chaos. Shareholders in the Company determined that the proceedings concerning his estate should be stopped, and that again he must go to India as Governor.

Would he go? All eyes, so to speak, were turned toward him. Yes, he would go, if—Sullivan were removed from the Chairmanship. Never was there such a stormy Company meeting. The contest was keen, but the conqueror of Bengal was immovable, and he triumphed. He sailed to India a third time, but before him was a task harder than the conquest of Dowlah, a fight keener than that of Arcot.

CHAPTER VII.

GOVERNING BENGAL.

IN his first visit Clive had subdued a large portion of south India; in his second he had conquered a large part of north-east India; in his third he had to fight the rapacious greed of his own countrymen.

Hitherto we have seen him chiefly as a military commander, then as a soldier and statesman combined. Now we have to view him as a statesman only, and a statesman with a most stupendous task to perform. The crisis he had to meet was not to

be dealt with by force of arms. It was nothing less than a thorough reform of the Company's administration of Bengal.

When he arrived he found that his old friend Meer Jaffier was dead. Servants of the Company, by reason of a lavish distribution of wealth, had placed, or assisted to place, his infant son on his throne ; and this in flat defiance of recent instructions that they were not to receive gifts from the native princes. Clive resolved to adhere to those instructions, and further, he stopped the system of private trade by the Company's servants. Such determinations would be sure to arouse a mighty opposition, and every man seemed against him ; but nothing could daunt his inflexible will. He was the appointed Governor, he knew he was within his right, and he pursued his path with unfaltering step. He went so far as to dismiss the most turbulent of his opponents, and obtain the assistance of civilians from Madras. In a short time he had borne down all opposition.

But he was just. He knew quite well that the Company did not remunerate their agents adequately, and he knew that the Directors had connived at the practice of private trade. It would not be just, therefore, to cut off this source of income and not readjust their salaries. But he was well aware that the Directors would not be likely to agree to this. He therefore resolved to allocate the profits of the trade in salt to this purpose ; an act which was both wise and politic, but which brought down upon him a storm of obloquy.

Then a mutiny arose in the army. Certain retrenchments had touched the soldiery, and two hundred officers determined to lay down their swords. To quell this insurrection was even a

greater task than the other, but Clive met the emergency with the same superb fortitude and unconquerable resolution. Every man who resigned was ordered to be brought to Calcutta, and the Governor again sent to Madras for aid. A few trusty captains remained firm, as also did the great mass of the Sepoys. The mutiny was quelled even before it really began. The officers found they had made a mistake. They thought that in such a country, where so much depended on the army, the Governor must yield rather than permit that army to be deprived of its captains. But Clive was a captain himself, who possessed extraordinary influence over the native soldiery; and he had received *a double portion of that truly British spirit which knows not when it is beaten.* The consequence was the leaders in the conspiracy found themselves arrested, arraigned, and dismissed, while others, ashamed and penitent, begged to be allowed to resume their commissions.

A third great measure of reform carried out by him was the placing of the government of the province on an improved basis. It was time that the position of the English should be much more clearly defined. Clive obtained from the Mogul,—the nominal ruler of the whole of India,—a warrant enabling the Company to administer the revenues of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa. For this warrant the Company paid in money. Further, he undertook the defence of the province, instead of the Nabob, who, indeed, became but a political shadow, but received a handsome pension. Thus the position and responsibility of the English as real rulers, though acting in the name of the native princes, became much more clearly recognised and definitely understood.

Something like order and just government being established, Clive began to bethink him of returning home. His health was greatly impaired, and toward the close of January 1767 he departed a third time, after a sojourn of twenty-two months, a brief period in which, however, he had accomplished most valuable reforms, and laid the foundation of English government in India on a firmer basis than that of the sword alone.

A graphic picture of the salutary change he wrought may be seen in a letter which the Committee wrote to the Directors. Speaking as to the condition of Bengal when Clive came, they described it as "a presidency divided, headstrong, and licentious; a government without nerves; a treasury without money; and a service without subordination, discipline, or public spirit." They added, that "amidst a general stagnation of useful industry and of licensed commerce, individuals were accumulating immense riches, which they had ravished from the insulted prince and his helpless people, who groaned under the united pressure of discontent, poverty, and oppression. The present situation," they continued, "need not be described. The liberal supplies to China, the state of your treasury, of your investment, of the service, and of the whole country, declare it to be the strongest contrast to what it was."

Clive returned to England poorer than he departed. He could have greatly enriched himself during his third sojourn in India, but a legacy of £60,000, left him by Meer Jaffer, he made over to the Company, to form a fund for their invalided officers, and soldiers, and he peremptorily refused costly presents. Yet on his return he was assailed by a tempest of slander, vituperation, and abuse. The grossest mis-

representations prevailed, while those persons whom his reforms had prevented from hastily gaining wealth in Bengal attacked him with bitter rancour. Macaulay relates that he himself had heard old men, who knew nought of Clive's history, talk of him as a fiend incarnate.

A few follies of which he was guilty, such as a lavish and ostentatious display of wealth, were greatly exaggerated, and provoked much odium and much envy. He dwelt in great magnificence in Berkeley Square, and he built mansions in Shropshire, and at Claremont in Surrey.

The superstitious peasants whispered in horror that the wicked Nabob knew the Evil One would some day carry him off bodily, and that he caused the walls to be so thick to keep out his Satanic majesty. To such absurd yet terrible lengths did the feeling against him run.

At last he rose in the House of Commons to defend himself. It was in a debate on Indian affairs, and true to his principle of defending by attacking, he boldly pushed the war into the enemy's country. So successful was his speech, that Chatham asserted he had never listened to a finer. So ably also did he defend himself, that henceforth his enemies directed their rancorous attacks to the earlier part of his life. Here, unhappily, there was one great stain at least, the deception of Omichund. A committee was appointed to inquire into Indian affairs, and the whole story of the conquest of Surajah Dowlah was examined.

Clive was most keenly questioned, and he bitterly exclaimed afterwards that he had been treated like a sheep stealer. Finally, the matter came before the House. Clive defended himself with vigour and with pathos, and then retired.

It is a sad and painful spectacle—the sight of this great man, whose career, especially in its later days, had been fraught with so much true renown, and so much benefit to his country and to India, defending himself before the nation against so much enmity and rancour. But his defence had great weight, and the debate ended somewhat illogically.

The House of Commons agreed that Clive had obtained much money from Meer Jaffier through the power he possessed as British commander, but with a division they also adopted a resolution, moved by Wedderburn, that he had rendered great and meritorious services to his country.

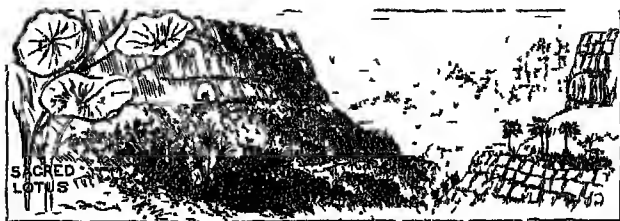
This was almost tantamount to an acquittal, but not in a satisfactory form ; and the bitter injustice and the cruel malignity with which he had been treated preyed upon his mind. The humiliations to which the Committee had subjected him were torture to his proud spirit. He was also subject to acute physical suffering ; his old fits of depression overwhelmed him, and one sorrowful day, eighteen months later, he took his own life. This was on November 22nd, 1774, when he was some two months past the completion of his forty-ninth year. Curiously enough, conflicting accounts are reported of his death, and the cause is traced to pistol, to poison, and to knife. It is even a matter of debate whether he died in Shropshire or in London.

One account indicates that he was sitting in the drawing-room of his house at Walcot, in Shropshire, when a lady visiting there entered, and asked him to mend a quill pen. He did so, and she left him with the knife still open in his hand. That offered the temptation, and with that little instrument the conqueror of Plassey closed his earthly career.

Some persons most unreasonably and vindictively saw in this tragic ending the vengeance of offended heaven ; we see in it the ruin of his reason and the wreck of his health. He was buried in the parish where he had been born, and in the church whose tower he had climbed so fearlessly as a boy. Lady Clive lived after him for some years, and their eldest son, Edward, who was born in 1754, afterwards became Governor of Madras, and in 1804 Earl of Powis.

Time has softened the controversies which raged around Clive's name ; juster views are now prevailing, and prejudice and misconception are passing away. A man of many private virtues, though not without stain in parts of his public career, he lives in history as the warrior-statesman who laid the foundation of British rule in India, and built it, on the whole, both wisely and well.





Warren Hastings,

THE CONSOLIDATOR OF BRITISH RULE
IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I

A GREAT SCHEME.

WHEN the star of Clive was rising to its zenith, another bright orb was just appearing above the Anglo-Indian horizon. In that small army with which Clive recaptured Fort William and began to avenge the terrible outrage of the Black Hole, was a volunteer,—a writer in the Company's service, even as the great commander himself had been,—named Warren Hastings.

He was quite a young man, having been born in 1732. His father, Pynaston Hastings, was the son of a poor clergyman, with whom little Warren passed most of his earlier years. Pynaston was a worthless lad, who married Hester Warren before he was sixteen, and at her death soon disappeared from the neighbourhood, leaving his two children, of whom Warren was the second, to the care of his poor father. This gentleman became curate at Churchill in Oxfordshire, and Pynaston eventually took a chaplaincy in the West Indies, where he died.

As a child Warren formed a great scheme. He was but a little fellow, only seven years of age, when one bright day in summer, such a day as sometimes does beam upon us in that uncertain season, he determined that when he was a man he would buy back his family's estates.

He was lying beside a little stream which was running on to join the classic Isis; and around him slept in the sunshine the lands which once belonged to his ancestors, the lords of Daylesford. But the family had fallen from its high estate; and the little boy passed his child's life robed in something like a peasant's garb, and learning his letters at the village school. Yet he rejoiced to hear of his ancestors, their greatness and their valour, their loyalty and their wealth. Their blood ran in his veins, their spirit flashed in his eye; and this beautiful summer day, in the calmness of the country-side, this child of seven made his determination—a determination which throughout his eventful life proved to be fixed and invincible.

At that time nothing appeared more unlikely than its accomplishment. From dreaming his day-dream little Warren would go back to the village school; and though the boy seemed attentive and studious, what could appear more improbable than that the poverty-stricken little lad, the son of the worthless Pynaston Hastings, would ever grow wealthy enough to become lord of Daylesford? Yet so it proved.

Warren had an uncle, Howard Hastings, who was a clerk in the Customs, and who strove to do his duty to his little nephew. A year after the boy dreamed his daydream by the riverside, his uncle sent him to a school at Newington Butts. Here

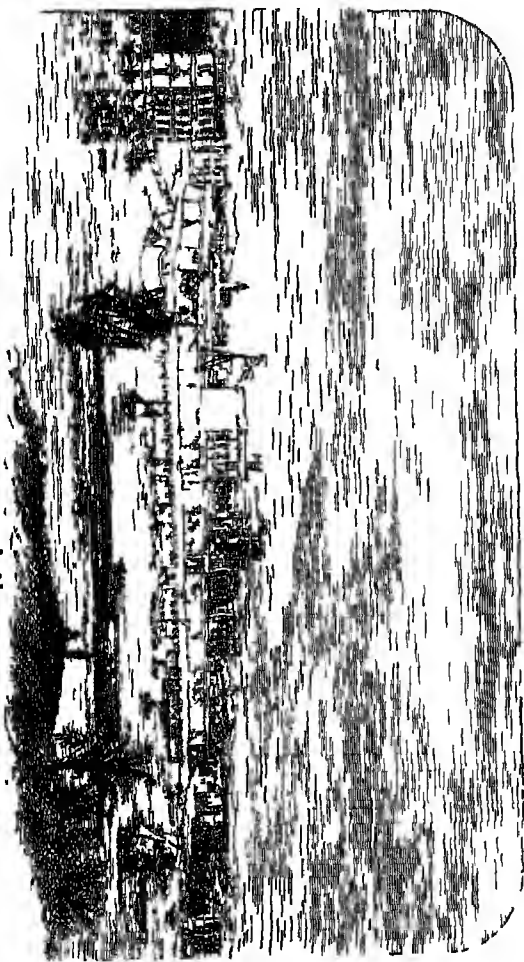
Warren obtained good education and poor food. Doubtless owing to this insufficiency his growth became stunted and his physical frame puny.

Two years passed, and Uncle Howard removed Warren to Westminster. Here he met school-fellows who afterwards were, like himself, to make a name in the world. Cowper was a firm friend, and remained so through life. Then there were Churchill and Lord Shelburne and Elijah Impey. Dr. Nichols was head, and Vincent Bourne—Vinny Bourne as his pupils loved to call him—one of the under masters.

Warren Hastings' character began to show itself markedly at school. He loved to excel, and worked hard to do so. He meant to rise. In swimming and in rowing he exhibited uncommon skill, while his application and smartness in school time won approval even from the principal himself. He appears to have been a genial, good-natured lad, and a general favourite. When at fifteen he stood first in the list for a King's Scholarship, his uncle must have felt repaid for the care he had taken of the lad. But two years later he died, and Warren's next guardian, a Mr. Chiswick, who was a Director of the East India Company, determined, not unnaturally, to send him to India as a clerk.

Dr. Nichols remonstrated, but to no purpose. The youth, the head master's favourite scholar, was taken from classical Westminster, put to learn book-keeping, and in the January of the next year, 1750, shipped off to Calcutta, as Clive had been before him a few years previously.

The voyage was long and tedious. Instead of the then average journey of six months it was nearer nine, and he did not land at Calcutta until October.



FORT WILLIAM.

From a point by Yan Ri, 16 m 17 s

At that time the Company had settlements at Bombay, on the west coast ; at Madras, on the south-east ; and in Bengal, on the north-east. Calcutta was the chief settlement in Bengal, and here it was that Warren Hastings was appointed a clerk or writer in the Secretary's office.

His duties would be to assist in keeping the accounts and also to look after the storing of goods. The Company had several warehouses full of silk and cotton goods, spices and saltpetre, and near by rode in the river the stately vessels called East Indiamen, now superseded by steamers, waiting to carry their cargoes home to Britain.

Because of the heat, business was over at midday, and the younger servants of the Company then dined together in hall. After dinner came the siesta in the blazing heat of the afternoon, as punkah-fans to alleviate the sultry oppressiveness were still unknown. In the evening there were trips to be enjoyed, by palanquins or by boats on the river.

Some of the officials who drove a thriving private trade are said to have ridden out with a team of four horses. On the other hand, some young clerks, who could not, or would not, profit by such trade, went supperless to bed shortly after sunset, to save expense, for the salaries allowed were ridiculously small.

Hastings belonged to neither of these classes. In his leisure hours he wisely devoted himself to the study of native languages, and also to the enjoyment of temperate and social recreation.

He was lodged with other of the Company's servants in dwellings looking on the river. The business buildings were defended by a brick wall, and the bastions of the fort were garrisoned by about two hundred men, chiefly Sepoys. Gardens

bloomed within the walls, and a hospital and fish-ponds were also placed there. The servants of the Company were ministered to by a chaplain, who preached on Sundays and read prayers daily. And here for two years Hastings quietly passed his earlier Indian life, apparently industrious and studious.

But promotion was not long in coming. In October 1753 he was sent up the Ganges to the factory at Cossimbazaar.

"Factories," says Sir Alfred Lyall, "were trading posts and warehouses established at some of the principal commercial towns, where goods sent out from Europe were sold, and Indian produce or manufactures collected for despatch home. Each of them seems to have been managed in early days by its own president and council, subordinate, of course, to the chief presidencies at the seaports. Most of them were fortified and guarded by armed men, and within their limits the authority of the chief agents was practically unlimited."

Cossimbazaar was only two miles from Moorshehabad, then the capital of the province; and the principal industries appear to have been ivory-working and silk-weaving or spinning.

Hastings applied himself to his duties with assiduity and success. His life out of business hours seems to have been quiet and somewhat lonely; and he appears to have been occupied with his own objects, making no great and close friendships, and indulging in no vices.

If his removal from Calcutta was not in itself promotion he soon gained it. He proved himself so able and so honest that within a couple of years more he was given a seat in the Council of the factory. Then came the death of Aliverdi Khan,

and the succession of the vicious Surajah Dowlah—events which changed the whole aspect of affairs.

Cossimbazaar felt the force of Surajah's operations before they touched Calcutta. Watts, the chief, and Hastings were taken prisoners, the factory surrendering to greatly superior numbers without striking a blow. Hastings, however, was soon freed on bail, supplied by a friendly Dutchman from a neighbouring post.

He employed his freedom by informing Drake—erstwhile governor of Calcutta, who eventually took refuge at Falta—of the occurrences in Bengal; and he took part also in negotiations with Surajah Dowlah's ministers and in a plot against that wretched ruler. But detection appeared to threaten him, and he fled down the Ganges to Falta. There he married Mrs. Campbell, widow of a captain who had died in India, and who died herself in 1759. Soon after the marriage, however, Clive's army appeared; the time of waiting and comparative inactivity was over, and Hastings volunteered service under the great commander.

When Surajah, bewildered by Clive's successes against him, made peace, Hastings was useful in arranging the treaty, an office in which his knowledge of native languages no doubt proved of great service. The treaty, however, did not last long, and after the battle of Plassey, Hastings became assistant to Scrafton at Meer Jaffier's court. A few months later, when Scrafton removed to the Council at Calcutta, Hastings succeeded him in that arduous and perilous post.

Hastings' position was calculated to test severely both his skill and his uprightness. First of all, of course, he was a servant in the employ of the Company, and as such he had to consider its interest

in business ; but he had also to advise Meer Jaffier on many points, and often his advice was unpalatable. Further, he had to collect revenue from territory yielded to the British, and, possibly most difficult of all, he had to watch against rival intrigues. It is evident from the fact that Clive kept him in such a post that he showed himself reliable, and to have some talent for managing native affairs ; Clive proved himself a firm friend to Hastings.

Meer Jaffier, however, could not be propped up and kept straight, and shortly after Clive's return to England, in 1760, the Council determined to dethrone the Nizam. There was perhaps good reason for this step, for his affairs were in terrible disorder, and the Company had to defend him at their own expense against his enemies. In the end, Meer Jaffier abdicated, and was given a pleasant suburban residence at Calcutta, while Meer Cossim, his son-in-law, reigned in his stead. The Company were playing the part of Warwick, the king-maker, on new soil and in Eastern climes.

Large sums of money found their way from Cossim to the Company. The new puppet-prince engaged himself to pay his predecessor's debts, and to grant the Company the revenues of certain provinces, while officials of theirs were also privately enriched. We do not defend these acts, but stern critics must not forget the chaotic state of native government in India at that time. English rule seemed the only stationary and reliable power, and the native princes appear to have been glad to purchase its support. The temptation to accept bribes was strong to men who were themselves poorly paid by their own employers.

Hastings' next move was from Moorshedabad to

a seat at the Council Board at Calcutta. Holwell and two others had been dismissed, and Vansittart, who was Governor, and who had formed a high estimate of Hastings, offered him one of the vacant posts.

This is a period in the history of the British in India upon which we cannot look back with satisfaction. It was the period between Clive's second and third visits, and Hastings had not yet come to his full strength and power. Vansittart, the ruler, was a man of good intentions, but of weak will; while on the other hand the situation was so unusual and so difficult as to require one of the strongest and one of the clearest sighted of men to control it.

What was the position? The English had power but not responsibility. They hardly seem to have regarded themselves as liable for the good government of the country. They were merchants, most of them wretchedly paid, and the temptations to enrich themselves speedily in the fierce climate and return to their own country were manifold and great.

The wars between the natives themselves continued, but with no great result. The power of the Mahrattas was broken at Paniput, but yet the authority and prestige of the Great Mogul were not restored. Nevertheless some clearness was beginning to appear in the tortuous maze and weltering chaos, for in 1761 Eyre Coote, one of the bravest of Clive's officers, finally conquered the French at Pondicherry, and a few months later their power in India was completely wrecked. The position of the British as the dominant authority became more marked.

The wrongdoing of Ellis, who had succeeded Hastings at Patna, provoked reprisals from Meer Cossim, and sowed grave dissatisfaction. According to Mill's "British India," the Nabob complained to

Vansittart that the English chiefs, with their agents, in every district acted as renters, magistrates, and collectors, and permitted no power to his officers. Further, the servants carried on trade, and every man with a Company's pass (or "dastak"), which secured free passage for goods, regarded himself as not less than the Company itself. What greater confirmation could be needed of the fact that the



MARATTAS.

power and responsibility of government were divided, and that such a vicious system, or want of system, which possibly the English themselves could hardly help, would tend to produce unsatisfactory results? Nevertheless, honest men will even strive to administer a bad system fairly; and it is to be feared that many of our countrymen were only too lawless in their oppressions and exactions.

It is said that Hastings, when he went to Patna

in 1762, found shops shut and villages deserted, the unfortunate folk having fled in fear of fresh demands on the part of the British and their adherents. According to Gleig, Hastings became convinced that these proceedings boded no good to the revenues of Meer Cossim, the quiet of the country, or the honour of Britain.

The object of his visit was, however, sufficiently serious. Terrible disputes were arising between the Nabob and the English, and Hastings was to soothe them. He failed; and Vansittart also failed when, a few months later, he accompanied his envoy to the Nabob's court. One of the topics of discussion was the levying of duties on inland trade and though Vansittart and Hastings agreed to certain just proposals, the majority of the Council, furious at being deprived of even some small portion of privilege, cancelled the agreement with jeers. The Nabob endeavoured to place his own people on the same level by abolishing all duties. But this also did not suit the majority of the Council, who ordered the withdrawal of the edict, and prepared for war.

Then occurred the terrible massacre of Patna, a sufficiently horrible addition in public events to the outrage of the Black Hole. Ellis had seized the city of Patna, which in turn was recovered by the Nabob; and in revenge for his defeat at Giriah, and for the capture of his capital by other Englishmen, the Nabob ordered the death of his prisoners.

Only one escaped to tell the dreadful tale. This was Dr. Fullarton, who joined the avenging English on their march to Patna. Ellis and over half a hundred officers, both civil and military, were slain.

A month later the British under Major Adam stormed the city. Meer Cossim fled, and one

more the British played the part of king-maker and replaced Meer Jaffier on the throne. He agreed to restore their privileges to the Company's servants and to pay ample compensation. But the boldness, the genius, and the greatness of Clive were needed to give something like order and just government to the distracted country, and in 1765 Clive returned.

Early in that year, Hastings went back to England. "He recorded," says Sir Alfred Lyall, in a minute respecting the above events, "his disapproval of these proceedings; stating that his purpose had been to resign the service, since his unavailing protests had only kept alive the disputes and dissensions round the Council table."

We can, indeed, well believe that the proceedings of this discreditable period would not be approved by a young statesman like Warren Hastings. But no one can understand that strange, that most remarkable period who does not grasp the fact that the epoch-making battle of Plassey had virtually placed a large part of India at the feet of the English;—and not of the English nation itself, so much as of a Company of English merchants and their soldiers, who, wielding the most remarkable monopoly of trade the world has ever seen, were yet not responsible for the government of the country, and who did not as a body appear greatly disposed to charge themselves with it or, indeed, to adequately realise their responsibility.

Meantime, however, events were happening which were to lead the Company still further on the road to rulership. Meer Cossim sought aid from the Nabob of Oude, and they advanced against the English with fifty thousand troops. Major Munro defeated them at Buxar, and following the Nabob

over the Ganges became master of Allahabad, and took the first great step into the wide region beyond Bengal.

It was shortly after the victory of Buxar that Hastings returned home after fourteen years in India. Vansittart also left for England. It seems generally agreed that Hastings was still comparatively a poor man, and that in a discreditable period he had not stooped to amass wealth by the means to which others had descended.

He returned home to find his only son dead. From his comparatively slender stock of money he had given his sister a thousand pounds, and, mindful of the kindness he had received from his Uncle Howard, who was now dead, he settled an annuity upon his aunt of £200. During the four years he remained in England he lost the greater part of his fortune, which he had invested in Bengal, and then turned once more to India for employment.

The Directors were looking for a reliable man for Madras, and they accepted Hastings' offer of service. So once more, after making friends with Dr. Johnson in England, dabbling in literature, and giving evidence before a committee on Indian affairs, he again set sail for that land.

CHAPTER II.

A CRUEL CRISIS.

FOR his first two years at Madras, Hastings was still in a subordinate position. Public affairs were in an unstable condition, and intrigues and fighting—more particularly with Hyder Ali, the ruler of Mysore—were prominent features. The Company

were dominant along the whole coast from Cape Comorin, northward to Orissa ; and as in Bengal, so here, they were being forced by circumstances and by public complications to gradually extend their power inland.

The Directors objected to these complications ; but they could not help themselves. Alliances with native rulers were made, and were more or less carried out, though the turbulent Hyder Ali, of Mysore, when at last defeated, bitterly complained of English want of faith. The reason for this seems to have been that the Nabob of the Carnatic was Hyder's sworn foe, as well as the ally of the English, and without the Nabob the English could not, or did not, feel called upon to assist Hyder when attacked by the Mahrattas in 1770.

Hastings, however, had more to do in these years with commercial affairs than with native politics. He was "Export Warehouse Kceper," and as such he had to inspect the quality of the goods, such as silk and cotton stuffs, sent to England. He found that the deputies to whom this work had been entrusted had permitted the real value to decline, and he found also that middlemen or agents—themselves native, for middlemen, it appears, existed even in Indian trade—practised grievous exactions upon the weavers, their fellow-countrymen. Hastings set himself to alter this discreditable state of affairs, and steadily improved the qualities of the goods.

It was no doubt his great success in this respect that caused the Directors to take the bold step of appointing him Governor of Bengal. Unfortunately, Clive had not been able to finish his reforming work in that rich province, and when his master hand was

withdrawn, affairs began to fall back into something like their former condition. Under Cartier and Verelst, both weak men, money snatching was going on again, and the revenue and trade were suffering.

So after sixteen years—including the two at Madras—spent in more or less subordinate positions, Hastings was appointed to the supreme post of Governor, and entered on his important work.

He arrived at Calcutta toward the close of February 1772, and found the treasury empty and the government disorganised. Perhaps his greatest difficulty was the rehabilitation of the land revenue. This, the great source of public money, had given but little to the dominant party. And why? Because the major portion of it was taken by tax farmers and underlings; and after a dread famine which occurred in 1770, there seemed to be no revenue to collect.

Hastings and a committee undertook themselves to investigate the district, and pursued their inspection in most trying weather. They decided to let out the land revenue of various neighbourhoods for five years to the highest bidders. There was a class of persons called Zamindars whose duty it was to collect rent; and to the highest bidders among them lands were let for five years under certain restrictions. The rayats or cultivators of the soil were only to pay a certain sum, *i.e.*, the Zamindars were not to increase it as they chose, nor were the rayats to pay fines or give presents to the Zamindars' agents.

The system was as excellent—on paper—for those chaotic times as perhaps could be devised. But like some other schemes it did not work out so satisfactorily. According to Captain L. J. Trotter, who has been able to consult numerous State papers

belonging to the period, "the defaulting Zamindars might be counted by hundreds and the arrears of land revenue exceeded two millions." Further, "the country still suffered from many forms of wrong-



WARREN HASTINGS.

From a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

doing." Nevertheless we agree with Captain Trotter that these circumstances do not detract from the credit due to the Committee for good work attempted or accomplished in face of great difficulties.

Stein and unrelenting critics may well ask them-

selves, first, whether they are fully aware of the exact circumstances with which Hastings and his Committee had to deal, and secondly whether they could have acted any better themselves in those circumstances. His duties were so numerous that we find him writing to Du Pré that his mind was discomposed and his temper "almost fermented to vinegar by the weight of affairs to which the former is unequal, and by everlasting teasing."

Thus in his first year Hastings was engaged in several reforms and reorganisations dealing with the internal administration of the provinces, and the commercial affairs of the Company; also the repressing of corrupt practices among its servants. He was now to face even greater difficulties, difficulties the results of which pursued him more or less throughout his life.

In 1771 the Company had taken a small step towards the assumption of virtual sovereignty by deciding to control and administer the revenue.

If they openly went no further at present, it must be remembered that their right to rule territory had been questioned at home. The head of the revenue board or the deputy governor of Bengal had been Reza Khan; and of Behar, Schitab Roy. With the same instructions that announced to Hastings the Directors' decision to "stand forth as Diwan,"—*i.e.*, collect the revenue themselves, by their own servants—they also directed Hastings to bring down Reza Khan and Schitab Roy to Calcutta, and enquire into charges against them of oppression and embezzlement.

This was done, and in the opening of the second year of Hastings' Governorship the trial began. According to Captain Trotter, Hastings was convinced of Schitab Roy's innocence from the first,

and wondered why he was brought to trial. In a few months he was fully and honourably acquitted. Reza Khan was also acquitted, but after a longer trial.

It was in this trial that Hastings came so much into connection with one who was to exercise such a profound influence for evil over the Governor's life. This was a wily and evil-minded Brahmin, named Nuncomar. The drama in which these two men were the chief actors is as powerful and as terrible as any on the stage of history, if only it could be disentangled from surrounding complications and set clearly forth.

Hastings had come across Nuncomar before. In 1762, when previously in Bengal, he had caused him to be arrested on suspicion. But now, in a secret letter, the Directors suggested that he should be employed to obtain evidence against Reza Khan.

Nuncomar was, in fact, an Indian Titus Oates. All students of English history well know what that means. To put it bluntly, he was a manufacturer of false evidence. Hastings certainly distrusted him, and during the lengthy trial of Reza Khan learned to distrust him very deeply.

Hastings had appointed Nuncomar's son, who possessed a very different character from his father, as manager of the young Nabob's household. "I expect," he wrote, "to be much abused for my choice, for his father stands convicted of treason against the Company, and I helped to convict him. The man never was a favourite of mine, and was engaged in doing me many ill offices for seven years together." Why Hastings selected this man and his son for office is something of a mystery, unless it was that he strove to follow out

the Directors' wishes, and also was of opinion that the evil-minded Brahmin was possessed of great influence. Further, Nuncomar hated Reza Khan, and if anything could be proved against him, he would most likely be the man to do it. But it was to no purpose. Nuncomar could prove nothing; his testimony failed before Hastings' keen eye. Reza Khan was before long restored to much of his former greatness. For the moment the duel between Hastings and Nuncomar was delayed.

Meantime the Governor pursued his policy of reform. He remodelled the police, and organised means to restrain and punish the violent crime of the country. Further, he strove to lay down a sound system of judicature by the establishment of new courts, and by engaging learned natives to elaborate a code of the native laws. He altered also the procedure of his Council by dividing it into committees. In 1773 he was, according to Gleig, able to write: "After various contests, disputes, protests, and an almost open rupture, a perfect harmony and confidence have taken place amongst us."

While thus consolidating internal government and placing it on a sounder basis, Hastings was at length obliged to launch into what may be called foreign affairs. To the north-west of Behar, that is, further inland, but somewhat to the north, lay the province of Oude; and again, further inland, in somewhat the same direction, the district of Rohilkund. The wild Mahrattas, whose territory lay toward the south-west of Oude, captured Delhi, and placed on the throne of the nominal empire the weak Shah Alam, son of a previous, but murdered, emperor, and in 1772 once again turned their evil attentions to Rohilkund. The Rohillas sought

help from Surajah Dowlah, Vizier of Oude, which he agreed to give for forty lacs of rupees. The bargain was struck, Sir Robert Barker, chief of the English Bengal army, being present. The brigade of English acted with the Rohillas and the Vizier's forces, and the common enemy, the Mahrattas, fell back ; Rohilkund was free. But then the Rohillas would not, or could not pay, according to agreement.

This gave the Vizier a chance, for which probably he was not sorry, of operations against them. They had proved an unstable and a weak barrier against the much-feared Mahrattas, and, according to Captain Trotter, were planning an attack on the country near Cawnpore. The Vizier determined to invade their country, and called on his allies the English to assist.

By the treaty of Benares, Hastings had bound himself to hand over to the Vizier, for about half a million of money, the districts of Corah and Allahabad, which Clive had given to Shah Alam, but which Hastings considered Shah Alam had forfeited by reason of his operations with the Mahrattas, and for the same reason had ceased to pay him tribute for Bengal ; he also agreed to hire out to the Vizier a brigade of soldiers at a fixed charge, and a present of forty lacs of rupees when the campaign should close.

That was the mistake. Hastings placed at the disposal of an Oriental potentate British troops for hire.

But his position was one of transcendent difficulty. One may say that nothing save his quiet, invincible pertinacity carried him through.

He was worried almost out of his calm reason by the Directors for money, and yet with a treasury so poor that even his own salary was frequently in arrear ; his reforms had not yet borne fruit, and he was in painful anxiety concerning the Mahratta

invasion. The Vizier of Oude was the only ally on whom he could depend, and the Vizier's frontier of the Rohilla country was very unreliable. Should the Mahrattas break through that—a not unlikely event—the way would be open for the devastation of Oude and of Bengal. It was a cruel crisis, and Hastings decided as we have seen.

The war followed, and the conquest was complete. One terrible battle virtually settled the matter. On April 23rd, 1774, a force of 40,000 Rohillas was utterly routed by the troops of the English commander, Colonel Champion, Surajah and his soldiers holding aloof until the fate of the battle was decided. But when it was over, they showed that they knew how to plunder and to pillage. To be just to them also, they fulfilled their contract, in that they liberally discharged their bond to the English.

This Rohilla war is the first of the heavy charges against Hastings' character. But the question arises, were the Rohillas the admirable natives they have been described, or were they guilty of persistent treachery and "negotiations with the common enemy," the Mahrattas, as Captain Trotter alleges?

Champion was embittered with Hastings because he was not permitted unbridled control over the government of Oude, or his men allowed to share in the pillage of Rohilkund. "The evidence of other officers," writes Captain Trotter, "and a careful study of the contemporary records, now fully published for the first time in Mr. Forrest's three valuable Folios, leave no ground for rational belief in the legend elaborated by Burke and Macaulay out of the reckless slanders which Champion gathered, and which Francis spread abroad."

Neither was the province desolated as has been

alleged. Only a few Rohilla chiefs were expelled, with their followers, and these it must be remembered had themselves won the land by the sword but a few years previously. Moreover, Hastings appears to have done his best to moderate Surajah's behaviour. Many Rohillas, indeed, remained in the country, together with nearly a million of Hindus, who according to Hamilton were not affected by the change.

Those persons who fail to consider that Hastings was animated by profound views of foreign policy in this war do not realise the situation. Hastings wished to build up a strong frontier against the aggressive Mahrattas—to strengthen the Vizier, “the only useful ally of the Company.” It may not have been wisely done; but it was the act of a far-sighted statesman and not of a mere hireling bravo. As for the pecuniary part of the business, he wrote to the Directors: “Such was my idea of the Company's distress at home, added to my knowledge of their wants abroad, that I should have been glad of any occasion to employ their forces, which saves so much of their pay and expenses.”

Whatever, therefore, may have been the magnitude of his error in forming such an alliance on such terms, the charges against him concerning the matter appear to have been most grossly exaggerated, if many of them are not absolutely false.

The results were pecuniarily very satisfactory. The treasury of Bengal was relieved of military expenditure to the extent of nearly £250,000 per annum, the finances of Oude bearing that burden; while nearly £450,000 yearly had been added to the Company's revenue, and about a million was in hand. In addition Hastings had very materially strengthened his defence against the marauding Mahrattas—an

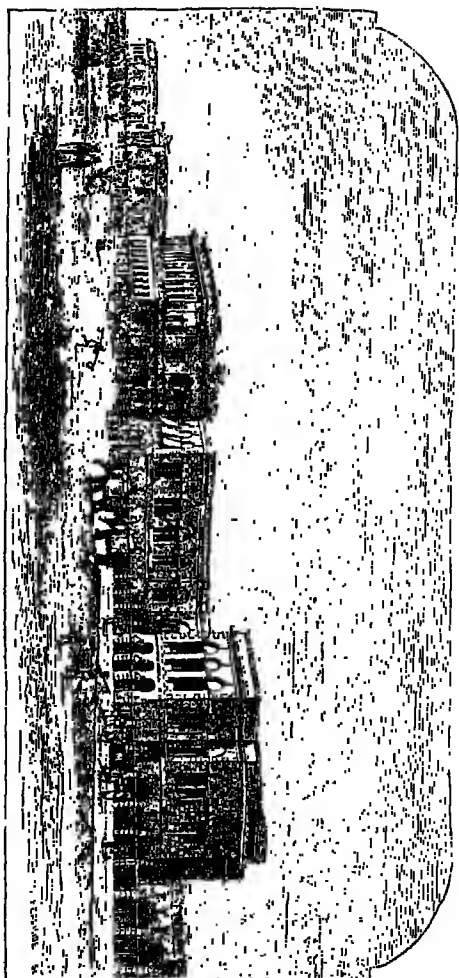
advantage which it appears to us has not been sufficiently recognised.

When the news of the war reached England great was the outcry. The position of the country was brought under review; and the idea of a trading Company holding territory and becoming a great political power was regarded with much dissatisfaction. Probably also false and distorted reports were sent home as well as official news.

In any case the Directors appear to have returned a letter severely blaming Hastings and condemning wars for monetary advantage. This was very well, but the Directors conveniently forgot that the money gained was to answer their demands; nor do they appear to have considered that Hastings had to build up a breakwater against Mahratta aggression.

Meantime, the attention drawn to Indian affairs in recent years had blossomed forth into the Regulating Act passed by Lord North's Ministry in 1773. This was the first Act passed by the British legislature for the government of India. It had become at length patent to all that the old charters of a trading company were insufficient for the serious ruling of an empire.

The Act curtailed several privileges of the Company, reduced the Council in Bengal to four members only—but continued the old vice of giving equal voting power to each member, so that the Governor might find his authority constantly thwarted and his power set at nought—placed the governments of Bombay and Madras, as well as of Bengal, under this Council, created a new Court of Justice, consisting of one Chief and three other judges, and secured the Company in trading privileges. The Governor of Bengal was to be Governor-General,



COUNCIL HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

and to receive a salary of £25,000, and each Councillor £10,000 per annum.

We can well imagine the feelings with which the scheme was received. Everything would now go well with this improved system. But unfortunately everything did not go well. The difficulties were not over, and the passing of this Act sent out new actors to the great Indian drama, some of whom were to add immensely to the complications of that most extraordinary time.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEATH OF NUNCOMAR.

TWO ships sailed for India on the same day in April 1774, conveying men who were to exercise great influence on Hastings' life.

One contained his old schoolmate, Elijah Impey, the Chief Justice of the new Supreme Court, with three judges; the other conveyed three of the four Councillors, the fourth, Richard Barwell, being a member of the old Council.

The Government cannot be praised on their composition of the Council. To place in supreme authority over a surpassingly difficult district five men of whom three had had no experience of it, and who by their votes could continually checkmate the other two and stultify one of them, who was Governor-General, was not likely to lead to concord.

And so it proved. The three Councillors were greatly annoyed because they were greeted with a salute of only seventeen guns instead of twenty-four. They probably took this to mean that Hastings

showed his dislike to the new arrangement. They little knew the man. So politic an administrator would be little likely to offend his new colleagues needlessly.

The Council began by being coldly polite. But at the first meeting the battle began—a terrible battle, which reveals Hastings' indomitable perseverance and extraordinary resourcefulness in a most marked degree.

Next to Hastings, Philip Francis, the leader of the Lord North faction and the bitter opponent of Hastings, was intellectually the greatest. By some writers he is identified as the famous author of the extraordinarily clever, if often vitriolic, "Letters of Junius." The reason of his hostility to Hastings is difficult to understand. It may have been through misplaced zeal. He may have thought Hastings an exceedingly wicked man, and that he, Francis, had a mission to counteract his evil influence in India. On the other hand, he may have desired the post of Governor-General for himself.

One thing seems clear. If he were zealous, he was sadly indiscreet; if he were keen-witted and daring, he was sadly wrong-headed; if he were patriotic, he was malignant and arrogant. Supported through thick and thin by his two companions, Clavering and Monson, he conducted a most furious struggle against Hastings—a struggle which, transferred later from India to England, ended almost only with life itself.

Opposed to him was Hastings, calm, quiet, and pertinacious to the last degree. "Masterful patience," Captain Trotter describes his attitude, and Mill—by no means a lenient critic—"calm firmness, which usually by its constancy wore out all resistance."

It was this resolute and steady persistence, this

calm strength of will, which enabled him to force his way through the thick jungle of difficulty and complexity with which he was so long surrounded.

Barwell was absent from Calcutta when the new Councillors arrived, and the first meeting was delayed until he returned. Then Hastings set forth a succinct review of his administration. At his statements concerning the Rohilla war and the Benares treaty Francis and his two colleagues struck in, and took action.

"Show us all the letters between you and your agents," said Monson, a rash and conceited coadjutor of Francis.

"I will not," returned Hastings; "they are most strictly confidential. But I will show you the extracts on public questions."

Barwell supported his chief; but under the old vicious system that each vote counted equally, including that of the Governor-General, there were three against two. The three proceeded to recall Middleton, Hastings' agent, from Lucknow, and to appoint a nominee of their own instead.

That was but the beginning. Forming the majority, they wielded the power, and proceeded to mar and meddle most indiscreetly, not only in the affairs of Bengal, but with outside affairs, even to the internal disputes of the Mahrattas.

One act was curiously inconsistent. Though inveighing most bitterly against the Rohilla war, they sought to enforce the prompt payments from the Nabob of Oude of money due under the alliance. The Nabob was both grieved and alarmed beyond measure at the recall of Middleton, and his death shortly afterwards is said to have been hastened by the change.

The meetings of the Council must have been "bear gardens" indeed. Hastings fought his enemies with his steady persistence, but it seemed a losing game. The natives shrewdly measured the situation, and began to recognise him as a fallen man. In fact, he came to be little more than a mere subordinate in the provinces of which he was the titular Governor-General. The triumvirate ruled.

Another very curious act for the denunciators of the Rohilla war was their extortionate treatment of the new Vizier of Oude. The triumvirate asserted that Hastings' treaties ceased with Surajah's death; and in spite of the pleadings of Hastings and of the faithful Barwell for their observance, Francis and his colleagues imposed a fresh treaty on the young Nabob, which gave them revenue from Benares and actually raised the payment for the British garrison in Oude. Further, the young ruler was forced to pay to his mother nearly two millions of money which his father had stored up as the working capital, so to speak, of his country, or reserves for time of need. These were extraordinary public actions for denouncers of the questionable Rohilla war!

Indeed, so terrible was the strain and so severe the conflict that Hastings was about to give up the unequal conflict in despair and return to England, when events occurred which caused him to remain. The crisis of the conflict on Indian soil was at hand.

On March 11th, 1775—we follow Captain Trotter, who bases himself on original records—the evil-minded old Brahmin, Nuncomar, gave a certain letter into Francis' hands. Nuncomar thought his hour for revenge had come, and indeed it appeared as

though it had. Hastings was in disgrace, was humiliated, and weak.

The letter, which was laid before the Council, charged Hastings with fraud and oppression. Specially was he charged with taking a large bribe to acquit Reza Khan, Nuncomar's old enemy. To crown all, the Brahmin asked to be heard, with witnesses, before the Council!

The battle was indeed joined now. Hastings denied that his colleagues had the right to consider charges from so tainted a source as from the treasonable Nuncomar. Barwell justly said the matter was one for the Supreme Court. The triumvirate were mad with malice and rancour, and persisted in their demand. At last Hastings acted as he and Barwell not unfrequently did when the violence of the triumvirate passed all bounds—they left the Council-room.

Then the triumvirate voted themselves the Council, placed Clavering in the chair, and proceeded to satisfy their malice by calling in Nuncomar and hearing his charges. The informer produced a letter purporting to come from the Munni Begum, and proving that Hastings took presents from her to the amount of £35,000. The triumvirate found him guilty, and ordered him to pay the money into the treasury. The letter was subsequently proved to be a forgery!

Charge followed charge, and Nuncomar seemed at last triumphant. He was now the most important native in Bengal, kept almost royal state, and continually received informers and forgers of lies against Hastings. Francis and his colleagues spent day after day of valuable time in examining and collecting false evidence against their own Governor-

General. The state of affairs was probably without parallel in the history of the civilised world.

But a change was at hand. Suddenly the wealthy and prosperous Nuncomar, the head of a priestly class, was charged with conspiracy : he was again charged with forging a bond whereby he gained a large amount of money ; and, to crown all, the Court committed him to prison !

Here was a startling blow for the triumvirate ! At first they sided with their ally, and actually visited him at his own dwelling ; but as the trial proceeded, and the tragedy went on to its bitter end, they sheered off. Nuncomar was arraigned at the Supreme Court before Sir Elijah Impey and the three other judges, with a jury. Moreover, he was defended by English barristers. For eight days the trial continued ; and it ended in a verdict of guilty, and a judgment of death.

According to English law, forgery was then punishable by death ; and if any man short of an actual murderer deserved death, this wicked Brahmin was surely that man.

Great has been the controversy concerning this occurrence. Hastings, according to one view, was the real prosecutor, acting behind the nominal plaintiff, and Impey condemned Nuncomar to please his old schoolmate.

But Sir James Stephen, whose eminent legal knowledge and keen examination of the documents entitles his opinion on this subject to great weight, holds that Hastings and Impey are quite free from the charge of compassing the Brahmin's death. Nuncomar was tried fairly and condemned justly.

Further, the charge, which was brought at the instance of a native attorney named Prasad, had

been made for over a year previously. It hung fire because Prasad could not obtain certain papers until the new English Supreme Court was established. It may have been that Hastings in the background pushed forward and secretly assisted the prosecution. Why not? He had been forced to the very brink of ruin by false accusations. Why should he not defend himself by abetting a genuine case against his false accuser? Why should he not fight by taking part in exposing the real character of the chief witness against him? Supposing this to be the real fact of the matter—though Sir James Stephen is of opinion that Hastings had practically no share in it at all—is he to be severely blamed?

As for Impey—true, he was Hastings' old school-fellow. No doubt the two Westminster boys renewed their friendship in the foreign country; no doubt he delighted to serve his friend in this terrible time if he could; but that he was Hastings' willing tool, even as he may have been his fag in the old Westminster days, we do not believe. The facts, as shown by Sir James Stephen, do not sustain this view.

One point remains. Was it just to try Nuncomar by the severe English law? On this, much might be said; but the fact remains that the Supreme Court was established in place of the Court to which Prasad had first applied. Was this Court for Britons only?

The results of the trial, with its tragic close, were tremendous. At one bound Hastings rose to his former height of prestige. He was a great favourite both with the natives and the majority of the English—a singular testimony in his favour—and the cloud of false witnesses against him disappeared like a morning mist. Not one information was further laid

against him ; and though he was still in a minority in the Council his triumph abroad was remarkable.

Furthermore, this celebrated trial established the authority of the Supreme Court. This tribunal held office by the same Act that appointed the Councillors themselves, and they fulminated against it in vain.

Meantime the triumvirate continued their foolish and vexatious policy, until at length the death of Monson deprived Francis of his supremacy in the Council. The Governor-General had the casting vote, and he proceeded to use it. His pertinacity received some reward at last ; once more he was supreme.

The respite, however, was but temporary ; the fight was not yet over. Lord North desired Clavering to become President ; Francis was intriguing for the same post ; the Directors were terrified lest their political authority should be taken from them ; and Francis, foiled in India, turned to the Directors at home, one particular point being the revision of land-settlements. All agreed that Hastings should resign. On June 19th, 1777, letters from home were read in the Council accepting Hastings' previous offer of retirement, and appointing Clavering in his stead.

Lord North had got his way. What his ultimate object was we cannot decide. If it were to obtain the political power over the British dominions in India, and restrict the Company to commerce only, the aim was sound, though the methods he took to compass it were sadly wrong. The rash, impulsive Clavering clutched at the coveted post at once. He actually summoned the Council on the next day, demanded keys, and issued orders to the troops. This lawless violence aroused all Hastings' power of resistance once more ; and the Governor-

General resolved not to retire. He countermanded Clavering's orders; and his friendship with the troops and civilians stood him in good stead.

They decided to follow Hastings. An appeal to the Supreme Court resulted in the decision that Clavering could not assume the Governorship until Hastings retired, and that consequently his action had been much too hasty; but further, they disallowed Hastings' demand that by his violence Clavering had vacated his seat at the Council-board. The crisis was over, and two months afterwards was entirely closed by the death of Clavering from dysentery. Other crises, however, were at hand.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIAL.

THE same letter which had accepted Hastings' resignation had appointed a man named Wheler to the vacant seat at the Council.

But when Wheler landed, in December, it was to find, to his surprise, the masterful Hastings still Governor-General, and Clavering dead. Meantime Hastings had married a second time. His partner was the divorced wife of a German baron named Imhoff; and the attachment between Hastings and his wife was warm and sincere. The lady had nursed him when ill on his voyage out to India, and they had been close and intimate friends since. Clavering, it is said, was at the wedding.

The appearance of Wheler could not greatly thwart Hastings. Barwell still supported the Governor-General with loyalty, and his casting vote continued to give him the supremacy. His policy

was ascendant, and one arrangement should be noted. The Sepoys of the Vizier of Oude, led by English officers held under treaty, were handed over to the Company, though maintenance was to be provided by charge on the land revenue of Oude. Hastings viewed this measure as but slightly more than a mere formal change; but in it Sir Alfred Lyall discerns "the formal beginning of that remarkable and extensive organisation of subsidised forces and contingents, which has played a curious part in our Indian wars and treaties; which is an element of insecurity as well as of strength, and which may yet enter upon some new phase in our calculations of the collected military resources of the Empire."

A further measure passed by Hastings was the revival of a system for valuing land and recording its tenure—a system which had obtained in India, but had become disused. And though he carried it through in the teeth of Francis, and in spite of the disapproval of the Directors, his example in this respect was subsequently followed throughout British India.

When the news reached home that Hastings refused to resign, the Directors resented his self-assertion; but the shareholders supported him. Indeed there was a strong party throughout, among the shareholders, who seem to have had a truer perception of the situation than the Directors themselves. Further, the condition of public affairs was dark indeed. The unhappy struggle with the North American Colonies was proceeding; and Britain was threatened by a coalition on the Continent of Europe. Lord North had quite enough to occupy his attention at home, and we may judge also that both he and the Directors had learned

at last to appreciate something of the Governor-General's great administrative powers.

He was left alone ; that is, was re-appointed when his term of five years had expired. It was no slight task which lay before him. The war in Europe spread to India, insomuch that the French joined hands with Hyder Ali of Mysore against the English. This was in the south ; war also arose with the Malharrattas to the north-east. In spite of Francis' opposition against "frantic military exploits," as he called them, Hastings carried on a stout resistance through varying fortune, and ever with the ultimate object in view of causing the British to become predominant throughout the whole of Hindustan. At last, in August 1780, Hastings' strong patience with Francis gave way. The conflict of minutes yielded to a duel in which Francis was the challenger, and in which he fell severely wounded. This in itself was not likely to soothe him ; and when he returned home a few months later it was only to transfer the war, which for six years had been almost unceasing in India, to England itself. And there Hastings could not for the present personally defend himself.

Hastings was now more free ; he had full power, and indeed he had need of all his power and all his resources. War-clouds were hovering in almost every quarter ; debt was heavy ; want of money was painful ; and in Bengal itself a long-smouldering quarrel between the Council and the Court burst forth. This was another result of Lord North's ill-advised and inadequate Regulating Act.

For a considerable time collision had been staved off ; but in 1779, during the absence of Chief Justice Impey, a quarrel occurred through the gross indis-

creation of one of the judges, who issued a writ against a native Rajah, and the judge's officer sequestered his goods and entered the Zenana. Peace was restored ultimately by the offer by Hastings to Impey of the Presidency of the Company's principal Civil Court, which he had previously remodelled. Thus the Chief Justice was given the control of the Provincial Courts, with the duty of regulating their procedure. Hastings



S R PHILIP FRANCIS.

has been greatly blamed for entrusting this post to Impey, which involved a largely increased salary; but the compromise restored harmony, and Impey was eminently suitable to codify the law. Even though the Directors removed Impey in 1782, his Code was continued.

The expensive wars in which Hastings was engaged caused terrible depletion of the treasury. The Governor-General decided to put pressure on Cheyte Singh, the Rajah of Benares. He was,

according to Hastings' view, the vassal of the British Government, and bound by agreement to render them aid in money and also in men in the hour of need. Lord Mansfield declared afterwards in the House of Lords' debates that the right of the Government to demand aid in war from Cheyte Singh "was proved beyond possibility of question."

Cheyte Singh paid over certain moneys but sent no men; and what was worse, began to plot with the Princesses of Oude.

The crisis became most acute, for Hastings was cruelly pressed for money. He determined to visit his recalcitrant vassal himself. Cheyte Singh escaped from Benares by a line of turbans knotted together, by which he dropped into a boat and fled; and Hastings suddenly found himself in a dangerous position. He was in a hostile capital with but fifty defenders, and Cheyte Singh was collecting an army of 40,000 men. But once more the calm resourcefulness of the great Governor-General showed itself, and once more the desperate determination of his English character remained firm.

From all sides hurried up bands of British troops to defend the Governor they loved so well; and reliable messengers took his instructions to various quarters. A brilliant little campaign was fought, which ended in Cheyte Singh's domains being handed over to his nephew on well-defined terms, and with an increased revenue to the British.

But before this settlement Hastings had turned his attention to Oude. The young Vizier owed the British about a million and a half of money, while the two Begums, his mother and grandmother, held—according to the arrangement Francis had made in defiance of Hastings—the large sums accumulated

for state purposes in time of need by the Vizier's father. Further, they held grants of land which they governed, as though separated from the young Vizier's province.

That ruler now suggested to Hastings and obtained the Governor-General's consent to the resumption of his authority over these lands, and to his reclamation of his father's hoards. Hastings held that the Begums had forfeited all claim to the land by reason of the part they took in Cheyte Singh's insurrection, and also because of conspiracy against the young Vizier himself; but Hastings bound him over to grant pensions to the Begums in exchange.

The scheme was carried out. Spite of armed opposition, the lands were resumed, and a portion of the hoards of the Vizier's father was obtained and handed over to the Company. As for the tortures alleged to have been practised upon the keepers of the treasure, none appear to have been inflicted. Imprisonment was resorted to until money was paid, but no cruelty was perpetrated. The Begums suffered no indignity; and, says Captain Trotter, they "lived to send Hastings 'strong letters of friendship and commiseration' during his trial before the House of Lords."

These operations formed the ground of serious charges against Hastings afterwards. They were much misunderstood and much misrepresented. Yet what were they in effect but the rescinding of a treaty of which Hastings had always disapproved, with the result of giving the Vizier possession of his father's state hoards and also the resumption of his lands? The payment of money to the Company was the discharge of a debt.

Three years later Hastings sailed for Britain. Thirteen years had he been Governor—thirteen years of hard and anxious toil. He found chaos, he left

order ; he found oppression, he left justice. Everything had, so to speak, to be created, every part of official business, every branch of government, the administration of the law and of the revenue ; and, as he himself said in his defence, he maintained the provinces of his "immediate administration in a state of peace, plenty, and security, when every other member of the British Empire was involved in external war or civil tumult."

His wife had preceded him to England, and had been presented at Court. He himself was favourably received by the king. But his troubles were not yet ended. Rumours of an impeachment reached his ears ; and in June Burke announced his intention of making a motion respecting him.

The impeachment at length came on. Political partisanship no doubt influenced many, lack of accurate knowledge operated with others ; while absolute facts were distorted and misrepresented. Motions and speeches followed at different times. The eloquence of Sheridan and of Burke no doubt swayed thousands, whom Francis, the arch-enemy of Hastings, and the real instigator and accuser, would perhaps never have touched.

At length the famous trial began. It was on February 13th, 1788, and the scene was the historic Westminster Hall. A score of counts made up the charges ; and the reading of them and of Hastings' replies lasted two whole days. Then Burke thundered forth his eloquence ; and so powerful was it, that some of his audience were driven into hysteria by the revolting crimes which the late Governor-General was supposed to have committed. Other speakers followed ; documents were read ; witnesses examined ; and, finally, after thirty-five days, Sheridan wound

up with another flow of brilliant oratory. Then the Court showed its respect for Hastings' feelings and for the gravity of the charges by calmly adjourning until the next year!

The great trial, in fact, dragged on for over seven years, until several charges having been dropped, Hastings' defence was read at the close of the sitting in 1791.

That defence was a recital of the facts concerning his services; and it would appear that Hastings relied upon facts rather than upon arguments or oratory. Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, defended him, but it was February 1795 before the Lords even began to discuss the evidence in committee. On April 23rd in that year the verdict was given. Only twenty-nine of the Lords remained who had been present through the seven years of the trial, and varying notes were given as to the different charges. Eighteen lords gave him a verdict of acquittal on every charge, while on two charges the acquittal was unanimous.

Practically, Hastings had won, but in fortune he was nearly ruined. His defence cost him £70,000, and out of his salary he had only saved £80,000. The Directors at length gave him a pension of £4,000 for some years, and a loan, interest-free, of £50,000. This enabled him to live in affluence, though not to support a town house as well as his much-beloved Daylesford, which he had bought three years after returning home.

His life was now quiet. After the turmoil and the stress, the anxiety and the responsibility, he enjoyed the career of a quiet country gentleman at Daylesford with his beloved wife and a few friends, varied by visits to the great metropolis. He main-

tained the habits he had pursued in India of frequent cold baths and early rising, and his tea was "never watered twice." At one period, at least, of his Indian experience he was wont to rise at six, bathe twice daily, and usually retire to rest at ten.

With time, prejudice began slowly to pass, and the truth became clearer. Lord Wellesley, once his assailant, returned home from India his great admirer; and when, at eighty years of age, Hastings gave evidence before Parliament on the renewal of the Charter of the Company he had served so long, he was loudly cheered as he stood at the Bar; and as he retired the members rose with uncovered heads to do him honour. Six years longer he lived, and then passed quietly away. He was buried among his forefathers at Daylesford, and a bust exists as a memorial of him in the Abbey of Westminster, with an inscription recording his great services.

No one can estimate aright the magnitude of those services and the true character of the man who forgets the chaotic condition of India and the extraordinary times in which he lived, the distortion of facts connected with his career, and the malignity of his enemies. That the malignity may have been due to misapprehension, or to a confounding of duty with dislike, does not alter the fact or the result.

Hastings had faults, and committed errors. But, striking the balance of his lifework, remembering the difficulty of obtaining the actual facts concerning his career, and regarding it impartially in the light of information recently made public, he stands out as a very great administrator—the man who continued what Clive had begun, and one of a long line of noble pro-consuls who, in the main, reflects great honour on our rule and on our race.



Henry Havelock;

OR, THE MUTINY.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HASTINGS TO HAVELOCK.

A FEW days before the verdict was given in the famous trial of Warren Hastings, there was born at Ford Hall, Bishop Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, a boy who was destined to exercise an immense influence on British India in its greatest crisis and in its most terrible hour.

He was not a Governor-General, he was not a Commander-in-Chief, but he was the great popular hero of a stormy time, and during a dread period of Anglo-Indian history his name became a household word at home.

As an eagle poised in mid-air surveys vast tracts of country at a glance, so must we cast our gaze over the plain of Anglo-Indian history between Hastings and Havelock.

Lord Cornwallis succeeded Warren Hastings as Governor-General. But he had to rule under different auspices; for a new Bill for regulating

Indian affairs was completed in 1786, by which the Company's powers were limited. The Directors were to act with a Board of Control, and the power of the proprietors was lessened. Thus the authority of the Company was gradually being merged with that of the Government.

A man of peace, Cornwallis became involved in war. His opponent was Tippoo Saib, Sultan of Mysore, and the conflict ended with further addition to the Company's territories. But war was again renewed under Lord Wellesley, the next Governor, whose brother afterwards became Duke of Wellington, and the Mysore kingdom was at last partitioned between the British and their native allies.

Then the turbulent Mahrattas, inhabiting a large part of the west of Hindustan, had to be dealt with. Lord Wellesley offered them a portion of the conquered Mysore kingdom, if they would form a subsidiary alliance as other states had done; that is, maintain a British force in their territory. This they refused, and a war ensued, in which Sir Arthur Wellesley—afterwards the Duke of Wellington—gave great proof of his military genius.

By 1805, treaties were made by which further territory was ceded to the British. Lord Wellesley, however, was too warlike for the Directors, and Lord Cornwallis returned. Sir George Barlow followed him, and acted until Lord Minto went out as Governor-General. He did little to extend British rule, the Directors being still averse to this policy; but under Lord Hastings, who succeeded Lord Minto, the Mahratta difficulty was settled by a war which acquired new territory for the British, and placed a British resident in that part of the country.

Lord Amheist followed, and then Lord William Bentinck. His reign was peaceful, but it was important. The hideous custom of widow-burning—which formed a feature of the Hindu religion—was suppressed, and the principle laid down of ruling India for the benefit of the natives. "To Lord William Bentinck," said Sir Charles Trevelyan in his evidence, in 1853, before a Select Committee,



FORD HALL,
THE BIRTHPLACE OF HAELOCK.

"belongs the great praise of having placed our dominion in India on its proper foundation in the recognition of the great principle that India is to be governed for the benefit of the Indians ; and that the advantages which we derive from it should only be such as are incidental to, and inferential from, that course."

Under Lord Bentinck the Company assumed the task of governing India justly as a delegate of the

Crown. Among others who succeeded him were Lords Hardinge and Dalhousie.

It was in the Burmese war, which marked Lord Amherst's reign, that Henry Havelock first appeared on the Indian scene. He was the second of four brothers, all of whom entered the army. Their father was a ship-builder at Sunderland, who gained a competency in middle life, and retired on property which he purchased at Ingress Park, Dartford. Henry, the second son, was then quite young, having been born on April 5th, 1795. A few years later, when the Havelock family had come south, we get a picture of him pony-riding into Dartford to school with his brother William. Then, a few years later still, he was moved to the Charterhouse, where perhaps the strict discipline he underwent helped to make him the martinet he proved to be in after life.

He seems to have been a very quiet boy and of pious character. The latter was doubtless due to the religious training of his mother; and he himself has told that four companions united with him "in seeking the seclusion of one of the dormitories for exercises of devotion, though certain in those days of being branded, if detected, as Methodists and canting hypocrites." Among his schoolfellows he was known by the nickname of "Old Phlos," which, of course, was short for philosopher. In his studies he became very accomplished in Greek and Latin.

His first great grief was the death of his mother. This sad event occurred in February 1810 from apoplexy, when Havelock was about fifteen, and he did not wholly recover from the shock for some years.

Financial difficulties prevented his entrance at one of the Universities, or his preparation for the law, the profession which his mother had wished him to follow. He did read law for a year in the chambers of Chitty, where he had Talfourd for a fellow-student, but money failed, and he was obliged to retire. It was not in a barrister's wig and in the courts of Westminster that his life was to be lived and his fame won, but on the burning plains of India, and in scenes of struggle as terrible as any which mark the history of our race.

It was his brother who led him into the army. William, "the fair-haired boy of the Peninsula," had served in Crawford's famous Light Division, and had fought at Waterloo; he now came home with a wound received in that great battle, and he suggested that he should ask his chief for a commission for his brother. Henry agreed. The commission was obtained, and a few months afterwards, when he was a young man of twenty, he entered the army.

He joined the 95th, a celebrated regiment, and served at home for about seven years. These he employed in reading much of military history, and studying the art of war. The knowledge he then gained was eminently useful to him in after days.

Changing into a Light Infantry regiment bound for India, where already two of his brothers were serving, he arrived at Calcutta in the spring of 1823; and about a year later he was appointed Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General in the little army which took part in the Burmese war. It was a tiresome and expensive campaign, ending after two years in the surrender of a good deal of territory, but it is probably now almost forgotten. Havelock wrote

a book about it, which, being very uninteresting, is now, perhaps, more forgotten than the war it commemorates.

Shortly afterwards he was appointed Adjutant at Chinsurah, where he was not far from friends he had made at the Baptist Mission at Serampore. In 1829 he married the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Marshman, one of the missionaries there; and it is recorded of him, that so strong was his attachment to duty, that on his wedding-day he travelled to Calcutta to attend a court-martial, after the marriage ceremony, returning in the evening for the "nuptial banquet," as Marshman, his biographer, called the wedding feast. The marriage appears to have been an ideal one, and proved the cause of great happiness, until it was closed by death.

Shortly after his marriage he joined the Baptist denomination, and went through the ceremony of baptism at their chapel at Serampore. Henceforward, "while consorting more intimately with those whose opinions coincided with his own, he was free," says Marshman, "from the restrictions of sectarianism, and rejoiced in the fellowship of all who held the Christian faith, and were animated with the same Christian hope." A time of regimental duty at various stations followed his marriage, varied by a staff appointment; and as he was accomplished in Hindustanee and Persian, he held an interpretership for a certain time to a regiment at Cawnpore.

At length Lord Henry Bentinck appointed him Adjutant to the 13th Regiment, of which brave Sir Robert Sale was colonel. Through Havelock's exertions "chapels were erected near the barracks for the Baptists," and for "the Church of England soldiers, at which, on week days as on Sundays, the

attendance was large." A regimental Temperance Society also came into existence, with a coffee-house, and other counter-attractions to the canteen.

During this time he was wont to assemble such of his soldiers as chose to come for religious exercises and instruction. They were called "Havelock's saints," and plain-spoken Sale once blurted out that he wished the whole regiment were Havelock's saints, for he never saw one in the guard-room or in the defaulters' book—an excellent testimony both to their leader and to themselves. Duty was one of Havelock's watchwords—"duty," no doubt, he impressed upon his men.

For some years Havelock was disappointed, and, to some extent, depressed, at lack of due promotion. Those were the old days of purchase, when commissions were frequently obtained by an outlay of money. He had put aside and scraped together funds for this object, when crash! fell the houses with which he had pecuniary arrangements, and his chance of purchase was gone. This was in 1834, a year of business crisis, when several commercial establishments fell to pieces, and we find him writing that he had been "purchased over by three sots and two fools." At length, in 1838, he received a captaincy. He was then forty-three, and had been a score of years a soldier! Twenty years of hard work and waiting! Yet doubtless, in that toilsome time, he had been preparing, by military study and by actual experience, for those splendid achievements which were to cover his name, and the troops he led, with imperishable renown.

CHAPTER II.

THE GATES OF GIJUZNEE.

FORWARD ! rang the bugles one day, not long after Havelock got his captaincy, and his regiment set forth for Afghanistan.

It was a mistake—a terrible mistake—but Havelock and his troops had nought to do with the Governor-General's mistakes, as they marched forward.

In this instance Lord Auckland was unusually foolish, and he acted directly counter to the advice of his emissary at Cabul, the brave and able Burnes.

Burnes believed in the good faith of Dost Mohammed, the Ameer of Afghanistan. He held that the Ameer would be a willing and faithful ally ; but Auckland was prejudiced ; he was jealous of Russia—that will-o'-the-wisp that has more than once led us so fatally wrong in Central Asia—who had an envoy at Cabul ; and he had formed a treaty with the astute old Runjeet Singh, chief of the Sikhs, once called the Lion of the Punjaub, who was at war with Dost Mohammed ; and also a treaty with Shah Soojah, a previous ruler of Afghanistan.

The invasion of that country was decided upon. The route chosen was long, circuitous and difficult. Sir Willoughby Cotton was head of one of the contingents of the marching army ; about five thousand troops remaining at Ferozepore as reserve.

Shah Soojah contributed four thousand troops ; and after a time spent in festivities with Runjeet Singh—of which Havelock gives an account in his History of the War, expressing great disapproval of Runjeet's drinking habits—the column set forward.

The date was December 10th, 1838, but the little army did not arrive at Cabul until August 6th, 1839. Between those dates they had throned the worthless Shah Soojah at Kandahar, the southern capital of the country ; and they had taken the great fortress of Ghuznee,—“one of the most spirited and successful attempts,” writes Havelock, “in the annals of the British in Asia.”

Sir John Keane, leading a contingent of troops from



GHUZNLL.

Bombay, had assumed the command on meeting Cotton's contingent across the Indus, and that officer was appointed chief of the Bengal Infantry. He had previously made Havelock his second aide-de-camp. The troops suffered from sickness ; but the march was not marked by much fighting until historic Ghuznee was reached.

Ghuznee was a loftily perched fortress, said to be of great strength. Four gates gave admittance, but three were built up, and one only—the Cabul

gate—was in use. This was closed by heavy portals of wood.

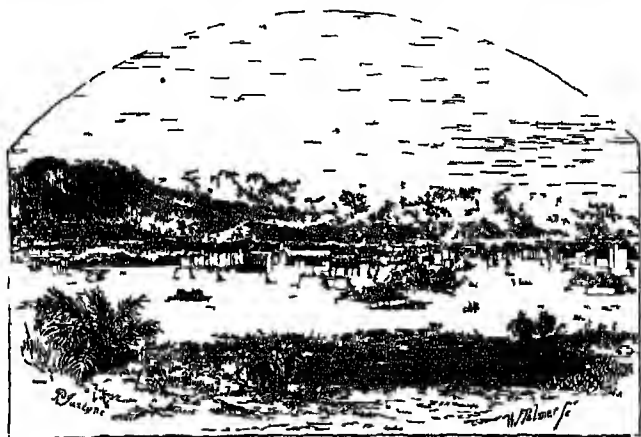
Before dawn of July 23rd, 1839, some three days after the arrival of the British, Keane caused field guns to be placed on heights opposite this gate ; he sent soldiers—with a strong storming party in cover—to occupy the gardens beneath the gate and below the northern wall wherein the gate was situate, while he detailed more soldiers to make a show of attacking the opposite side. Further, engineers were charged to blow up the Cabul gate with gunpowder.

The hour struck. At three o'clock in the morning the artillery flashed and thundered ; the small arms blazed and poured forth shot, and the rattle of the musketry answered from one side to the other. The attack had begun.

Briskly was it answered. The northern wall blazed with fire. The roar and rattle rose higher, and the wind, which had been blustering all the morning, added its boisterous din. Then, amid the storm of noise, thundered the explosion by the gate. But so loud was the prevailing volume of sound that it was scarcely heard except by a comparative few. Nine hundred pounds of gunpowder had been fired, and the Cabul gate was ruined.

Then away went the storming party to meet the defenders face to face in the ruined gateway. "Nothing," writes Havelock, "could be distinctly seen in the narrow passage ; but the clash of sword blade against bayonet was heard on every side. The little band had to grope its way between the yet standing walls in darkness, which the glimmer of the blue light did not dissipate but rendered more perplexing. But it was necessary to force a passage: there was neither time nor space, indeed, for regular

street firing, but in its turn each loaded section gave its volley, and then made way for the next, which, crowding to the front, poured in a deadly discharge at half-pistol shot among the defenders. Thus this forlorn hope gradually won their way onwards, till at length its commander and their leading files beheld, over the heads of their infuriated opponents, a small portion of blue sky, and a twinkling star or two; and then, in a moment, the headmost



JELLALABAD.

soldiers found themselves within the place. Resistance was overborne; and no sooner did those four companies feel themselves within the fortress than a loud cheer, which was heard beyond the pillars, announced their triumph to the troops outside!"

The main column followed led by Sale, and some hard fighting took place; but in the end the place was subdued, and the British flag floated from the summit of the citadel.

Ghuznee taken, the march to Cabul was resumed, and Keane encountered no further opposition. Dost

Mohammed, unsupported by his subjects, fled, and Shah Soojah was placed on the throne. The war was over—for the present.

Havelock returned to Scrampore, where his book on the war was put in type, and sent over to England for publication; but it brought him neither fame nor money. Then in June he returned to Cabul with some recruits, joining General Elphinstone on the way. Elphinstone was to take the chief command, and he put Havelock on his staff as interpreter. He found the situation alarming. Dost Mohammed, who had been taken prisoner, escaped and gained the battle of Purwan Durrah, one of the Sepoy regiments refusing to advance. The Ghilzies also, between Cabul and Jellalabad, gave considerable trouble, and Sale's brigade, with which was Havelock, was ordered out of Cabul. While they were at Gundamuck, the terrible news came of a revolt in Cabul and the murder of Burnes; and it was finally decided that Sale's force should hold Jellalabad—as a good strategic centre both for a relieving or a retiring army.

But to hold Jellalabad was a difficult task. The enemy were pressing round the ruined ramparts, and raked the defences with their fire. A brisk *sortie*, however, drove them off, and enabled the beleaguered garrison to obtain supplies and to repair the walls. Another *sortie* yielded some repose to the little garrison, and then came a letter from Cabul saying the authorities there had agreed to evacuate the country! Havelock and others urged disobedience to this agreement, maintaining that such an order written by an officer under compulsion had no power. But worse news followed; and on January 13th, 1842, one fugitive only appeared!—one man

"ONE MAN LEFT TO TELL THE TALE!"



whose name was Dr. Brydon, and who was practically the sole survivor of the Cabul force of 16,000!

Havelock thus describes the sad and historic scene: "Some officers," he writes, "were assembled on the roof of the loftiest house in Jellalabad. One of them espied a single horseman riding towards our walls. As he got nearer it was distinctly seen that he wore European clothes, and was mounted on a travel-hacked yaboo (pony), which he was urging on with all the speed of which it yet remained master. A signal was made to him by some one on the walls, which he answered by waving a private soldier's forage cap over his head. The Cabul gate was then thrown open, and several officers, rushing out, received and recognised in the traveller who dismounted, the first, and, it is to be feared, the last fugitive of the ill-fated force at Cabul in Dr. Brydon." He was the one man left to tell the tale.

That force was annihilated—except a few prisoners—in the passes.

Notwithstanding all disheartenment, Sale and his officers determined to hold on, though it is said that at one time Sale wavered. But at length the daring little garrison made a desperate *sortie* against their enemies, and completely defeated them. Havelock led one of the columns, and once nearly lost his life. He had thrown his infantry into squares to receive a large squadron of Afghan horse, when he was thrown from his own steed, and only rescued just in time.

This spirited effort relieved the brave little garrison. It suffered no more from short rations or from attacks of Afghans. Pollock came up soon afterwards with supplies, gained another victory, reached Cabul, and liberated the prisoners. Not very long afterwards Havelock marched back into

India with Sir Robert Sale, after a connection of some four years with Afghanistan. Lord Ellenborough, who had succeeded Lord Auckland as Governor-General, was there to greet them on the British bank of the river Sutlej.

Dost Mohammed had before this given himself up to the British, by whom he was honourably treated, and a pension of £30,000 a year awarded him. All his sons had joined him except Akbar Khan. It is said that he advised the English to resolutely take the government into their own hands rather than to support and protect the weak Shah Soojah. After this campaign, for a few years, we happily refrained from meddling with Afghan affairs.

For his services against Akbar, Havelock was made a C.B., and then later, in the year 1843, was promoted to the rank of Major. He was also appointed Persian interpreter on Sir Hugh Gough's staff, and joined that General, who was the new Commander-in-Chief, toward the close of October, at Cawnpore. His third campaign was close at hand.

CHAPTER III.

THE GWALIOR AND SIKH WARS.

FOR six months in 1843 Havelock enjoyed leave of absence, which he spent with Mrs. Havelock at Simla—a cool health resort among the north-west hills. Then soon after arose another of our little Indian wars—the campaign in Gwalior.

Gwalior was a Mahratta state with a large and turbulent army. The reverses in Afghanistan had led to a depreciation of the British by certain native states, and a conspiracy occurred in Gwalior which caused the British Resident to withdraw.

Lord Ellenborough determined to use this opportunity to crush the *Gwalior* army, which was a standing source of trouble. Crush it he did, but at great cost. Both he and Gough appear to have underrated the work before them, one of the greatest mistakes a soldier or civilian can commit. The consequence was, that though Gough gained a victory it was at considerable cost.

He made a grave mistake in tactics by dividing his forces, for battles are gained by tactics, by the management and handling of large bodies of troops, quite as much as by desperate fighting; and it is characteristic of Havelock's mastery of his profession, that his criticism of Gough's campaign goes straight to the root of the matter.

Gough, though he had only 19,000 men against 40,000 Mahrattas, divided his little army into two parts, and entered the territory both from the north and from the south. Had the Mahrattas a commander with a spark of the military capacity of a Napoleon, a Wellington, or of Havelock himself, he would have rapidly marched his whole force against one and then the other,—as he could have done with comparative ease, being within the territory,—and beaten both in detail.

To do Gough justice, it may be that he was aware of the incapacity of the Mahratta chief, and knew that this advantage would not be taken. Nevertheless, the Mahrattas had more capability, and were better fighting men than he thought. Proceeding as on a pleasant tour, Gough suddenly found that a detachment of Mahrattas had pushed forward and entrenched themselves at Maharajpore. So unprepared was he that his heavy guns were far behind, when suddenly a shot from the enemy struck an elephant on which

a lady was seated ; for several ladies were in the column as guests.

Everything was at once in confusion. Gough threw forward his infantry, and also strove to turn the enemy's position by an attack on their flank, a wise military manœuvre at last. But in that flank attack the British troops had to storm no fewer than three trenches under a heavy fire.

Havelock was in the front attack. The 56th Native Infantry regiment was advancing so slowly that "Gough's patience," says Marshman, "was exhausted."

"Will no one get that Sepoy regiment on?" he exclaimed. Havelock undertook the office, and riding to its head, inquired the name of the corps, "It is the 56th Native Infantry."

"I don't want its number," he replied ; "what is the native name?" "Lamboorun-ke-pultan—Lambourn's regiment."

Then he took off his hat, and facing the regiment, he addressed it by its native name in the native tongue ; and in a few complimentary and cheering words reminded it that it was under the eye of the Commander-in-Chief. He then led it up to the batteries, and afterwards remarked "that whereas it had been difficult to get the regiment forward before, the difficulty now was to restrain its impetuosity."

On the same day the southern army under General Grey also gained a victory at Punniar, and the Gwalior campaign was practically over. The fortress of Gwalior, called the Gibraltar of the East, was taken, the Mahratta army was reduced, and according to the plan pursued by previous governors, a garrison force led by British officers was to be kept in the country at its expense.

But if the Gwalior war was so short, though sharp, a much greater campaign was to follow. War succeeded war in Havelock's experience, with but comparatively short breathing spaces between.

The breathing time on this occasion measured two years, during which period he was on the staff of Sir Hugh Gough, and accompanied his chief from station to station. At length the Sikh army, which, like the Gwalior force, had been growing into masterfulness, crossed the river Sutlej to invade British India.

The Sikhs, after the death of old Runjeet Singh in 1839, had been weakly ruled, and several of his children and grandchildren were assassinated. At this time a child was on the throne named Dhuleep Singh, maintained there by the efforts of his mother, Ranee, a woman whom Sir Henry Hardinge, the successor of Lord Ellenborough, called "the Messalina of the Punjab."

The army was practically under the control of councils chosen by the soldiers, and really independent of the government. In short, it was the old story over again; chaos reigned in the Sikh country.

The councils thought they could humble the English even as they had beaten the Afghans, and on December 9th, 1845, they began to cross into British territory. For a whole year previously the frontier had been anxiously watched. Major George Broadfoot, a great friend of Havelock's, was the British agent in this district, and nobly he fulfilled his duty. Sir Henry Hardinge had gradually increased the number of troops in the neighbourhood, though wisely without making an ostentatious display of strength. Yet 40,000 men and 99 guns were waiting at various military stations ready for any attack.

It came. Havelock and Gough were at Umballa, about one hundred and fifty miles away. They pressed forward at once. Hardinge was some distance nearer ; but the two forces were joined, and on December 16th, 12,000 men marched on to meet the invaders.

"No one," writes Viscount Hardinge in the Life of his father, "who has not witnessed a night march with an Indian army can form any conception of the weird aspect of such a scene. The expiring fires round which the shivering camp-followers congregate, the roaring of the camels, the babel of tongues, the heavy tramp of the troops as they move off, form incidents that cannot be found together in any other army. The number of camp-followers, too, is legion, while the dark forms of the elephant contingents add a mysterious character to this moving mass of dusky warriors. As the day breaks, the scene changes. The long lines of camels, the troops in column of route, the grey-headed Subahdár, and the light-hearted ensign, all remind us that we are in India."

Later 360 camels and elephants were given up, all baggage animals being transferred to the Commissariat to convey stores.

By December 17th the whole force had come on to Moodkee, where the first battle in the campaign was fought. Gough was again taken somewhat by surprise ; and Broadfoot suddenly brought the startling news—

"The Sikhs are upon us !"

"Then," writes Lord Hardinge, who was present, "there was the usual stampede. Sepoys, disencumbered of their belts and cooking their 'chapatis,' picketed horses, camels but a short time before relieved of their loads—all were got together in more

or less confusion. But discipline soon evolved order out of chaos. The brigades were then formed into column, and ere long a round-shot or two told us the battle had begun. . . . The scene of the action was enveloped in a sort of November fog, making it difficult to distinguish friend from foe. The Governor-General, with true instinct, had been bringing into action the several Infantry brigades."

Sir H. Hardinge himself thus describes the attack in a private letter to Lord Ripon (quoted by his son): "The men soon got under arms. We advanced through some jungle, and after a heavy cannonade and file-firing, drove our assailants back at every point, advancing about four miles from our camp, and capturing seventeen guns. The darkness of the night, and the risk of the troops firing into each other, *which they did*, rendered it necessary that the pursuit should not be continued."

Meantime Gough's horsemen had been launched against both flanks of the enemy. Pressed thus in front and on both sides the Sikh force gave way, and was driven back with much loss. "Night only," wrote Gough in his official account, "saved them from worse disaster." The fight had been maintained for an hour and a half in the pale starlight of a December evening, and amid a reek of dust from a plain of sand.

Havelock appears to have been with the Infantry in the front attack. Here the firing from the Sikhs was so severe that some soldiers were staggered, and a native contingent actually retreated. Havelock rallied it. "The enemy are in front, not in the rear!" cried he, and he succeeded in leading them on again. He passed through unhurt, but two horses were shot beneath him. And his gallant

friend Broadfoot remarked jocosely that it was wasting horses to mount him!

It was a costly victory. Sale and McAskill were killed, also Herries and Munro, both staff-officers.

"We visited the field of battle in the morning," writes Lord Hardinge, "and heaped around the captured cannon, fifteen in number, lay the stalwart



SIR ROBERT SALE.

forms of the Sikh gunners, locked in Death's last embrace. How the native reveres his guns was well exemplified. There were few that had not fallen near the pieces they worshipped. Over the field itself there was the usual mingling of the dead. The Khálsa soldier, the European linesman, the young officer, with groups of horses and camels, all lay in one shapeless mass." Such are the horrors of war!

More men came up during the day on commissariat elephants, and another march took place at night. The enemy were found posted in great force. So eventful was the moment, so much depended on the action, so near was the crisis, that Lord Hardinge avers "the fate of India trembled in the balance."

The Sikhs, 25,000 strong, were entrenched in form of a parallelogram at Ferozeshah. The British forces, after effecting a junction with Littler's troops, numbered only some 17,000 to 18,000, with about 70 guns. Littler had evaded many thousands of Sikhs menacing Ferozepore, and joined the other British troops about a mile and a half from Ferozeshah.

Before them lay a flat plain, diversified at intervals with low trees and jungle. The Sikhs were behind their batteries and entrenchments. The short afternoon of the shortest day in the year was drawing to its close, but it was determined to attack at once, and the advance was sounded.

It was decided to attack on the south and west; but unhappily the divisions did not engage simultaneously. Littler's, on the west, largely failed, but the other, on the south side, was forced to a successful issue, though at a fearful loss of life. But Littler's attack having failed, part of the camp being in flames, and darkness descending on the field, fighting was stopped.

The confusion was at first simply appalling. But the clear-headed chiefs retained their self-control, and gradually restored order. Bravely they silenced the Sikh batteries when the guns again opened fire; and cheerfully Havelock and other chiefs went about among the soldiers encouraging and

inspiring the wearied men. Yet it was a fearful night of terror—a night to try the stoutest nerves. The groans of the wounded and the dying echoed with dreadful sound over the wintry battlefield; the army was so scattered that the leaders knew not where all their men were lying, and before them yet, and quite close, were the enemy.

But British pertinacity prevailed. Once more the steadfast courage which has so often led our countrymen successfully through trying crises was victorious. Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough determined to attack again with earliest dawn, though some officers advised retreat. But with dogged pertinacity Sir Henry stuck to his post, though he was so impressed with the gravity of the situation that he is reported to have said to Havelock, "Another such a battle would shake the Empire."

And so, before the late-rising wintry dawn had flushed the Eastern sky, the wearied soldiers were once more arrayed and marched up to the enemy's entrenchment. Once more the batteries were taken. The troops swept on to Ferozeshah village, and then cleared the entire camp. The battle was won at length, and British India was saved. Within a couple of days not an enemy was to be seen on the British bank of the Sutlej.

But the victory had been won at tremendous cost. Brave Broadfoot was no more, and 55 officers with him had fallen in the fight; also near upon 700 men, while over 1700 were wounded. How much of the final success was due to the demoralisation of the Sikhs by the fearful fighting of the preceding evening is not quite clear. Lal Singh, the leader, and the favourite of the queen-mother Ranee, had fled and his treasures were plundered; divided

counsels among the Sikh chiefs also are said to have existed.

Unfortunately the British were not able to follow up their success at once. The Sikhs were stubborn and would not treat, and Sir Hugh Gough had lost so severely in men and in ammunition that he did not feel justified in following his foe across the Sutlej. While waiting for reinforcements, therefore, he was largely inactive. The Sikhs were yet unsubdued, and again appeared on the offensive. Sir H. Smith beat them at Aliwal—where the 16th Lancers crashed through a Sikh Infantry square, a deed seldom achieved—but they entrenched themselves in a strong position at Sobraon on the British bank of the Sutlej, and threw up a series of solid semi-circular earthworks, armed with many heavy guns, and defended by 35,000 men. Connection with reserves on their own shore was maintained by a bridge of boats.

Meantime heavy guns and reinforcements had come up for the British, and it was decided to bombard the earthworks, and then carry them by assault. The scheme was carried out on February 10th. The guns were placed round the earthworks in a concave semicircle, so as to encompass the Sikh position in a fiery embrace, and troops were marshalled to attack at various points.

The fateful morning opened in fog, and as it rose the guns thundered forth their iron message. Briskly the Sikhs replied, but after two hours little impression had been made. Then were the infantry sent against the earthworks. Again and again they dashed forward if only to recoil; the struggle was terrific, the losses were severe; feint attacks had to be converted into real assaults; and the fire from

the Sikh guns of canister and grapeshot was fearfully murderous.

Cavalry were sent up to support one attack, and actually rode through an opening in the defences in single file. But once inside, the 3rd Light Dragoons speedily re-formed and charged. Step by step forced backward, the grim Sikhs gave way in good order, but fought desperately to the last. Then the bridge broke, and precipitated numbers into the river. It "seemed alive," says Lord Hardinge, "with a struggling mass of men. The artillery, now brought down to the water's edge, completed the slaughter. Few escaped; none, it may be said, surrendered. The Sikhs met their fate with that resignation which distinguishes their race." Passing through the camp on his return, he adds, he saw Havelock standing over his steed, which had been shot under him. The number killed Lord Hardinge gives at 320, and of wounded 2,063, while the lowest estimate of the loss of the Sikhs was 8,000. The British captured 67 guns and 200 camel-swivels.

This was the historic battle of Sobraon, and there was no waiting after this victory. Hardinge dashed forward to Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub; but the war was over. Havelock accompanied the chiefs, who held a great Durbar or discussion with the little Sikh prince and his ministers. A treaty was signed, which yielded territory to the British, producing £400,000 per annum, an indemnity of one and a half millions sterling, the reduction of the Sikh army, and the occupation of the city by British soldiers until the close of the year. These were among the chief points. Another was the delivery of the famous diamond, the Koh-i-noor, which now

shines in the dress of Her Majesty the Queen on great occasions.

This was probably the most arduous campaign in which Havelock had been engaged. It taught him much. It showed his value also to other officers. Moreover, it was the last, except a short time in Persia, before his leadership eleven years later, when his name was to shine forth a household word in an agonising time.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREASED CARTRIDGES.

BEFORE that time, however, there was a period of peace.

First, Havelock was appointed Deputy-Adjutant-General at Bombay. Sir George Clerk, an old friend, was given the governorship, and the two sailed together. In those days the means of communication across country were so limited, that the best way to reach Bombay from Calcutta was to sail southward round Ceylon.

For three years he abode in Bombay, but his health began to fail, and in the latter part of 1849 he was ordered home to recruit. Meantime the second Sikh war was fought. His brother, Colonel William Havelock, fell at Ramnugger, leading his dragoons in a headlong charge, and the battle of Chillianwallah had been lost to the British ; Goojerat, however, retrieved the war, and was decisive.

Havelock was at home in 1850. Thirty years had passed since he had seen England last, and he noted many improvements. He saw the rapidity of

locomotion by the railway, the higher morality prevailing, the increase in the power of the press, and the greater number of societies to promote religion and industry.

He sauntered about England, enjoying his holiday and recruiting his health. Next summer he went to Bonn, and leaving his family there when his term of absence was expiring, struck across Europe, took ship at Trieste, and in December resumed his staff appointment at Bombay.

Two or three years later he was appointed Quarter-Master-General. He was now probably in as easy circumstances as ever in his life. His work was not burdensome, and his stipend was near upon £3,000 a year. His eldest son had been given a commission in the army by the Duke of Wellington, and his second had been nominated for a cadetship by a Director of the East India Company. Mrs. Havelock remained in Europe supervising the education of their other children. In the perilous days that were to come, Havelock no doubt rejoiced to feel that they were safe at home.

After becoming Adjutant-General, his services in the beginning of 1857 were requested by Sir James Outram to command a division of the army in the Persian war. That war arose through the capture of Herat by the troops of the Shah. A division from Bombay had got quickly away for the invasion, had taken Bushire, and fought Kooshab before Havelock could join. He took part in the capture of Mohumra, his plan of attack being largely adopted by Sir James Outram; but before long the war was closed by treaty, and Havelock returned to Bombay to find that the fearful storm of the Sepoy Mutiny had burst.

The blaze of battle illumined the north-west;

untold horrors were being perpetrated, and the terrible hour had struck when the British power in India seemed tottering to its fall.

Havelock himself described the situation thus—that on arriving at Bombay he received the astounding intelligence that “the native regiments had mutinied at Meerut, Ferozepore, and Delhi ; and that Delhi was in the hands of the insurgents, while disaffection seemed to be spreading throughout the Upper Provinces.”

His great desire was to rejoin General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, upon whose staff he was an officer. On his voyage round to Calcutta he was wrecked at Ceylon, but managed to prevent Europeans from discrediting themselves by spirit-drinking at the disaster. So energetic was he, so unchecked by the wreck, that thirteen days after leaving Bombay he was in Madras. Here he found that Sir Patrick Grant, an old friend who had been with him in the Gwalior and Sikh wars, had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in place of Anson, who had died, and four days later the two reached Calcutta.

“I have brought you the man,” said Sir Patrick to Lord Canning, the Governor-General, as he presented Havelock ; and Havelock forthwith was given a command.

“If ever India should be in danger,” said Sir H. Hardinge, “the Government have only to place Havelock at the head of an army, and it will be saved.” *

These remarkable words show what an impression Havelock’s character and abilities had made upon other officers. Both Grant and Hardinge had seen Havelock in battle before, and knew his worth. So

* Sir H. S. Cunningham’s *Life of Lord Canning*.

at length his long-cherished dream was realised ; he was in command of an army in war!

And what a terrible war! The situation was perilous enough to tax the greatest powers. For in whole districts the authority of the British had gone. Staunch little garrisons still held out at Cawnpore and at Lucknow—names destined to become famous for evermore in the history of British India ; but the military revolt was widespread, and only six regiments out of seventy-four of the Bengal Native Infantry * remained faithful. About 100,000 Sepoys were in fierce revolt, the open gaols contributed their dangerous quota, and restless and discontented persons of various kinds joined the outburst.

For months there had been rumours and signs of disaffection. Some writers attribute the seditious feeling to a relaxation of discipline ; one cause was said to be the small proportion of British troops in the country, some regiments having been withdrawn for service in the Crimea. The loss of British prestige, as in the defeat of Chillianwallah, is also held to be accountable ; further, religious prophecies were said to prevail that a century after Plassey the English rule should be broken.

That fanatical religious feeling entered very largely into the outbreak appears incontestable. The Sepoys, already discontented, became possessed with the idea that the Government intended to compel them to embrace Christianity and to lose their caste. Nothing was further from the minds of the ruling powers, but unhappily a circumstance occurred which, innocent in itself, yet gave strong

* Major-General Sir Owen Tudor Burne's *Clyde and Strathclyde*.
nairn.

colour to such belief. This was the story of the greased cartridges.

It was decided to arm the troops with Enfield rifles instead of muskets. The cartridges for these rifles were lubricated, and the report spread among the Sepoys that the substance used was a mixture of cows' and pigs' fat—a commodity which they could not touch without being polluted. According to Sir H. S. Cunningham, "a chance altercation between a high-caste Sepoy and a low-caste *employé* at Dumdum" brought this fact to light, and "the story spread like wild-fire." The Sepoys were terrified, and the belief gained ground that their rulers were planning "their religious and social ruin. Whenever, from Calcutta to Pesháwar, a group of Sepoys gathered round a camp-fire to eat their meal, or chatted on the march, the tidings found ready belief; and owing to the close ties between the Bengal army and the Oude population, every pang which the Sepoy felt vibrated through a hundred villages, where the fate of father or husband or brother was keenly felt and eagerly discussed. Such anxieties soon mount into panic, and early in 1857 the Sepoy army of Bengal was panic-stricken."

All through that spring mutinous outbreaks flashed forth, which in some places were quelled by prompt and decisive measures. A proclamation was issued pointing out that no design was intended against the Sepoys; but in vain, still the sedition spread. A rumour rose also that some flour had been polluted by mixing it with cow-bone dust, while a mysterious occurrence had taken place, the significance of which is not even now altogether understood. Flat flour cakes, called chupatties, were carried from village to village, and in this is seen,

by some, evidence of a vast and wide-spreading conspiracy.

At length, on April 23rd, 85 soldiers at Meerut, forty miles from Delhi, refused on parade to take their ammunition. Their arrest and trial by court-martial followed. The sentence read out before the



SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

garrison on May 9th was imprisonment for ten years. The morning of this memorable day was heavy with clouds, and in the gloom the prisoners' uniform was stripped off, and amid entreaties and curses the men were marched to gaol!

Next day was Sunday, and in the evening, as the British soldiers were preparing for church, the native soldiers suddenly rose; horsemen hurried to the

prison and opened its doors ; the British, of any age or sex, were killed without mercy wherever reached ; other prisoners besides soldiers were let loose, and riot and plunder reigned rampant.

"On to Delhi!" was the cry ; and next morning dwellers in the old imperial city suddenly saw horsemen galloping toward them from Meerut. They were the insurgents, and before long the city itself was wrapped in the blaze of revolt. The great Mutiny had indeed begun.

Had the British authorities at Meerut acted with promptitude and determination the issue might have been different. "A Nicholson or Havelock," testifies Sir H. S. Cunningham, "would have been presently thundering on the track of the mutineers, and have brought them, before they were many miles on their road, to a swift and terrible account. Order unbroken would have reigned in Delhi ; the English would have held a fort and arsenal from which they could have defied any combination of assailants."

Havelock was soon to be "thundering on the track," though from an opposite quarter. His instructions were to quell disturbances at the town of Allahabad, and then relieve Cawnpore and Lucknow. "May God give me wisdom," he wrote to his wife the day succeeding his appointment, "to fulfil the expectations of Government, and to restore tranquillity in the disturbed districts."

At that time, Havelock was sixty-two years of age, and thirty-four of those years had been spent in service in India ; yet he had plenty of energy and of natural force, while as for his capacity for his task, Mr. Archibald Forbes roundly asserts that "he was the man of greatest military culture then in India."

In personal appearance his hair was white, his fine

features somewhat sharp, his figure small and rather spare, yet still erect. In manner, some persons thought him pompous, and in truth, he was apt to be austere; but he could be kind and friendly, especially when off duty, while he had a superb tact in managing soldiers. Prompt and energetic, he now set to work at once to make his preparations for his hazardous campaign.

CHAPTER V.

THE SAD STORY OF CAWNPORE.

WHEN the mutiny blazed forth, the important centre of Cawnpore was practically without British troops; but more than 3,000 Sepoys were gathered there. Sir Hugh Wheeler, the General in command, trusted these troops, and his trust was signally betrayed.

As disaffection spread abroad he took some precautions, but they were weak and inadequate. He fortified, but poorly, a hospital in the plain of Cawnpore, sent for reinforcements to Lucknow, but worst of all, appealed to Nana Sahib, Maharajah of Bithoor, for help. The treacherous Nana brought in troops, and undertook to guard the powder and the treasury. It was just what he wanted. The place was practically delivered into his treasonable hands.

On June 4th the Sepoys rose in open revolt. Nana Sahib cast aside his mask of friendliness, and led the siege against the poorly fortified hospital. Sir Hugh Wheeler was at last shocked out of his misplaced trust, and hastily summoned the British within the poor defence. About 1,000 were

gathered there, and of these not 500 were men, of various ages and callings.

Pluckily they stood to their guns. For three weeks the storm of shot and shell burst over the noble little band, who were tortured by starvation and heat and by the agony of suspense. Bravely constant were the women, rendering all the assistance in their power, yielding up even their stockings to make holders for the grape-shot, and strips of their clothing as bandages for wounds.

At length, moved by their misery, the leaders listened to proposals for surrender. They were promised safe conduct by Nana, and thought they could proceed by river to Allahabad.

Then was perpetrated the blackest treachery of the insurrection. When seated in the boats a deadly hail of bullets was poured upon them, from a concealed battery, and a body of musketry; and at length, sated with massacre, the Sepoys dragged the survivors, consisting of over 200 women and 5 men, back to Cawnpore.

Meantime Havelock was on the march. He had left Calcutta on the 25th, and on the day of the massacre was hurrying on to Benares. Reaching Allahabad, the whilom great fortress of Akbar, on the 30th, he found that Neill of the Madras Fusiliers had restored something like order there, as he had at Benares, and a small advance force was sent on, under Major Renaud. Havelock collected an additional force of volunteer-horsemen, consisting of all true men—shopkeepers, indigo planters, and others—who were willing to join; but altogether he could only muster about 1,000 Britons with a few Sikhs. With Renaud's men he had about 1,500 Britons, and this little force—"Havelock's Ironsides" as they

have been called—marched forth on their forlorn hope.

At the very outset Havelock gave an instance of his excellent tact in managing soldiers. On parade, before the start, some Highlanders in his corps did not appear to relish an address he had made, but he put them right at once, by saying to their colonel as he rode by,—

“Your men like better to cheer when the bugle sounds ‘Charge!’ than when it sounds ‘Parade!’ We’ll try them by-and-by!”

The hearty, good-natured words touched the Highlanders, and cheer after cheer broke forth.

The first fight was at Futtehpoore. This was a town on the main road some sixty miles from Allahabad. News had come that a strong force from Cawnpore was bearing down to meet Havelock’s men, and indeed as they sat preparing breakfast—having effected a junction previously with Renaud—a shot rolling in among them told that the mutincers were at hand.

The soldiers sprang to their feet. The Field Artillery were hurried forward, some riflemen occupied a copse beside the road, and the Infantry were sent to the front. The native gunners did not wait for the daring charge of Hamilton’s Highlanders, the Ross-shire Buffs; but scuttling away left their guns, and sought safety in flight. Before long the enemy were driven back to Futtehpoore and the town taken. The first victory in the suppression of the terrible mutiny was won, and at little loss of life to the British. Havelock, in his Order of thanks to his little army, finds the causes of success in the “rapidity and precision” of the fire of the Artillery exceeding all he had ever witnessed to the Enfield rifle in British hands, to

British pluck, which "gained intensity from the crisis," and "to the blessing of Almighty God in a most righteous cause." To his wife he wrote: "Thanks to Almighty God, who gave me the victory, I captured in four hours eleven guns, and scattered the enemy's whole force to the winds." In his congratulations to his soldiers after a victory he always ascribed their success to the favour of the Almighty.

After a day of rest, the little army was again on the march. The cavalry volunteers, under Barrow, scouted ahead, and suddenly found themselves confronted by the enemy, who had posted themselves in great force at Aong.

Back they came to their chief, round shot bowling after them and Sepoys following. Havclock was ready in a moment. Away went the Horse Artillery to bombard an earthwork and guns barring the road. Another detachment was sent to clear some Sepoys out of a hamlet near, while Havelock himself remained with his main body and baggage to engage the Native Cavalry, flying like hawks against both sides. At every point the British were again successful, and Havclock steadily cut his way onward. The enemy fled before him, and abandoned stores and tents along the road.

But between the little army and Cawnpore rolled the river of Pandoo, turbid and full. The rebels rallied at the bridge by which the road crossed, and entrenched themselves there. The vital importance of crossing at once was obvious, and spies brought in the unwelcome intelligence that the rebels had prepared to blow up one of the arches. Onward the wearied troops must go at once, and onward they went.

The rebels had entrenched themselves on the other side, and could sweep the bridge with their fire.

On Havelock's side ran a few ravines to the water, and, taking advantage of these, the riflemen poured down them, and opened a brisk fire on their enemies. Maude, who led the artillery, spread out his eight guns in a semicircle, and ringed the rebels round with his galling fire. The main body lay down close to the ground, and the rebel shot volleyed harmlessly over them.

Then the mine to blow up the bridge exploded. But fortunately the explosion was but slightly successful, and enough of the roadway remained whereby the troops could cross. Down to the water Maude's guns were rushed, pouring in their deadly hail at close quarters ; on to the bridge rushed the riflemen cheering madly ; away rode the rebel horsemen ; and the bridge was won. The rout was complete.

Then, for a time, came a welcome rest. But only for a time. The bright light of the Indian moon beamed down upon the little band as they dressed up in order. "Over two hundred of our race are still alive in Cawnpore," said the grand old leader ; "with God's help we shall save them or die. I am trying you severely, my men ; but I know what you are made of !"

The simple earnest words of Havelock went straight to the heart of the soldiers. The thought of the women and children at Cawnpore braced their energies, and away they went with swinging step to the doomed city. The day as it came on proved to be exceptionally hot. Men were struck by the deadly beams of the sun as by rifle shots, and fell out of the ranks ; but steadily the main body persisted. Sixteen miles they covered, and at last they were near Cawnpore ! Then two faithful Sepoys came in, bearing the startling intelligence that Nana Sahib was in

front with a large force of 5,000 mutineers and several guns. His position was so strong that a direct assault with Havelock's weak and wearied force would have been simply to court disaster. He resolved upon simple, yet somewhat difficult, strategy.

The main body and the Horse Artillery were marched at first as if to a direct attack, but then, leaving a company or so of riflemen, and the small troop of twenty volunteer Cavalry to continue the march, the little army was switched off, so to speak, through such cover as they could find in some trees to attack the enemy heavily on his side.

The manoeuvre was made. The little group of Riflemen and Cavalry created as much noise and as strong an appearance as they could to engage the enemy's attention in front, while the main body marched stealthily round to the enemy's flank.

Unhappily a space in the trees revealed what was going forward. The mutineers began to change their front; heavy guns were brought up which Havelock's light field-pieces could not silence, and a terribly anxious time ensued.

Havelock did not flinch. "Quick march! Charge!" The thrill of the intensest excitement must have pulsed through every vein as the Highlanders dashed at the rebel guns! And no mutineer could stand that sweeping charge. Those who fell not were sent reeling to the rear, and the Highlanders were at their enemies' centre before they stopped their onward rush. Havelock led them on farther yet. A big gun was belching forth death against the British right in the centre. Another charge silenced it, and carried the ground beyond.

There yet remained another division of the enemy's troops, and in attacking this the little squadron of

volunteer Cavalry took part. A furious combat ensued, which ended in the rout of the rebels. But the conflict was not yet over. The mutineers formed up again about a mile off, and being again routed, they collected yet once more some little distance off. It was a terrible struggle, but Havelock was the victor, though the prolonged conflict with his little band tried his skill and fortitude, and the discipline



THE WELL AT CAWNPORE.

and valour of his troops, severely. More than once he escaped death as it were by a hair's breadth.

Fighting only ceased with nightfall ; but the defeat of the mutineers was complete, and the exhausted little British force halted on the very verge of Cawnpore. Then next day they learned the ghastly truth that, even before this last great battle had been fought, the prisoners they had striven so hard to save had been massacred with fiendish cruelty, and their bodies thrown down a well.

What wonder that waves of depression, of rage, and of terrible passion surged over those war-worn, exhausted soldiers at this partial frustration of their hard-fought victory! What if Lucknow should have shared the same fate, and their desperate efforts be rendered well-nigh valueless! What if the tragedy of treachery and bloodshed, of tears and human agony which closed the first great act of the Mutiny suppression, with the ghastly well of Cawnpore, was to be repeated at beleaguered Lucknow!

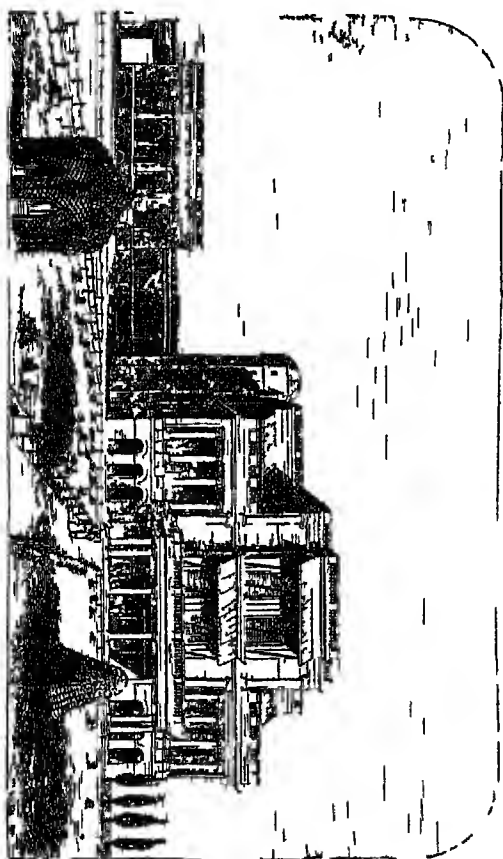
Even now Havelock had heard of the death of its beloved and brave commander, Sir Henry Lawrence, and the news was to him infinitely sad. Henry Lawrence was a great friend of Havelock's, and his death at this critical juncture must have been severely depressing. But amid all adverse circumstances the brave old chief, inspired by his resolute determination to do his duty, now gathered up his strength for a desperate effort to relieve Lucknow.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

BRAVE, skilful, earnest, God-fearing, the greatest feature of Henry Havelock's character at this dark period was his cheery fortitude.

Once indeed he lost heart. Everything seemed against him. Marshman records how, "on the evening of the 17th, his mind appeared for the first and last time to be affected with gloomy forebodings, as it dwelt on the probable annihilation of his brave men in a fruitless attempt to accomplish what was beyond their strength. After musing long in deep



THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW

thought, his strong sense of duty and his confidence in the justice of the cause restored the buoyancy of his spirit."

True he had won a great victory, true his little army was slightly reinforced, but before him lay the flood-swollen Ganges and some fifty miles of hostile country swarming with deadly enemies, strengthened with strong stations, strongly defended. And at the close lay a great hostile town full of mutinous thousands armed with well-served and powerful artillery, through which he must fight before he could reach the Residency where the little British garrison was besieged.

But the men who succeed are the men who learn how to turn their very difficulties to account, and Havelock was of this order. Further, he was one of those soldiers who have deeply studied, and was proficient in the art and science and strategy of war as distinguished from mere fighting; and this campaign enabled him to exercise his proficiency, while ever before him, as before so many of our race, shone the bright pole star of duty. That led to Lucknow, and he followed it.

The Residency of Lucknow was the name given to a large building and the houses around it, for civilian dwellings. It was, in fact, the British civil officers' quarter. Its situation was on a slight hill, and Sir Henry Lawrence, foreseeing what might happen, had endeavoured to fortify and provision it. The defences, however, were sadly incomplete, when the actual siege by the mutineers commenced on July 1st.

Accounts vary as to the exact number of Europeans beleaguered here, but in round numbers, and including women and children, there appear to have been about 1,000, with a number of natives, of

whom, however, a great many deserted ; the British had thirty-three pieces of artillery. The enemy had one immense advantage. They were in possession of houses standing so near the Residency that they could easily fire down into it.

The story of the heroic defence is a story by itself apart from the Relief—a story of fearful hardships bravely borne, of lofty courage, nobly sustained, of persistent determination and resolute daring equal to any in our annals.

Sir Henry Lawrence, the brave and beloved commander, was killed shortly after the siege commenced, and buried, with the epitaph he himself suggested: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty !" Brigadier Inglis succeeded him.

If the hardships of the beleaguered were terrible, those of the relieving force were almost as great. Twice did they penetrate to within thirty-eight miles, gaining on one occasion the battle of Onao, and once did they beat back Nana's troops at Bithoor. But they were obliged to wait for reinforcements for the final success, and Havelock fell back on Cawnpore.

Two words explain these delays and well-nigh insuperable difficulties—viz., floods and cholera. The one hindered the march, the other decimated the troops. Sir Hugh Rose, afterwards Lord Straithnairn, writing three years or so later, says, "I am now going over the scene of Sir H. Havelock's successive advances from Cawnpore to Lucknow. It is very interesting, and the more so because I have an officer with me who was with him. Too much praise cannot be given to him. He had the greatest difficulties to contend with. The rain came down in torrents, the country was flooded, so that he could scarcely move his artillery off the roads. And besides his losses from

the enemy, his men were carried off by dysentery and cholera, in consequence of their having no tents, and being exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, with insufficient food and very hard work." *

"Some of you fought yesterday as if the cholera had seized your minds as well as your bodies," said Havelock on one occasion in his Order for the day; for he could speak sharply at times, and he could make his words bite.

But he also knew how to use words of another kind—genial and good-natured. One night, returning from his sentries, he came down a road where his wearied soldiers were lying for rest. His horse stumbled over one, and the man rolled aside with an oath on his lips.

But he looked up and saw the spare, erect figure and the white moustache in the gloom.

"Room for the General!" he cried.

And then right down the wearied line ran the cry as the soldiers drew aside, "Make way for the General!"

"You've done that right well to-day, my lads," replied Havelock, his careworn visage glowing with pleasure.

The hearty words touched the tired soldiers, and right along the lines rang the cry, "God bless the General! God bless the General!"

Rough, wearied men who could cheer like that at night must have respected and loved the man who led them.

But he had determined to wait for reinforcements; and for a month Havelock rested his exhausted and disappointed soldiers at Cawnpore. Neill had been excessively annoyed at the retreat, and had sent an

* Major-General Sir Owen Tudor Burne's *Clyde and Strathmairn*.

insolent letter to his chief, which shows that the General had troubles within, as well as without his command. He replied with a severe and dignified rebuke, going so far as to say he would place Neill under arrest but for the crisis in the public service, and telling him to attempt no further dictation.

At length, on September 15th, the longed-for reinforcements arrived. They were under Sir James Outram, an old friend of Havelock's; and with great magnanimity Outram, though Havelock's superior in military rank, issued his celebrated order waiving his position for the present, and leaving Havelock still commander.

His little force now numbered over 3,000 men. Crommelin the engineer soon laid a floating bridge over the river, and on September 19th the small army crossed once more. Reinvigorated and re-strengthened, the relief party again fought its way forward, and at the end of the next day's march halted at Busseerutgunge, the scene of fights on three previous occasions by Havelock's little band.

An ominous silence marked their further march, a silence terribly broken, when, on the 23rd, in the afternoon light, and within sound of the Lucknow guns, Havelock's advance found a rebel army drawn up to oppose them of close upon 12,000 men. Their left extended to the Alumbagh palace and park, and their right was posted behind a swamp, while their centre occupied elevated ground.

Havelock was very prompt. Away went one detachment against the enemy's right, and he ordered up the heavy guns to silence the enemy's artillery.

The rebel right and centre were routed, the British crashing through every obstacle; but there remained the Alumbagh. With great gallantry the British

attacked at various points, and within a brief period not an enemy remained within the enclosure. The Cavalry pursued them vigorously close to the environs of the town.

Then came welcome news indeed. It was that Delhi had at length been re-taken. Two little British forces—from Meerut and Umballa respectively—had combined as far back as June 8th, and after several encounters, and sustained by John Lawrence from the Punjaub, had, under General Wilson and Brigadier Nicholson, vanquished all foes and all difficulties, and won back the old imperial city. This was on September 14th, but unhappily the gallant and daring Nicholson lost his life in the attack.

The news of the victory was cheering to the little force environed by foes at Lucknow. The difficulty of attacking the town and penetrating to the Residency was immense. Nearly the whole of the town was surrounded by a canal, or by the Goomtee river, and Havelock's pet plan of bridging the river by boats, and avoiding the town, but reaching the Residency by following a circuitous route through the open country, was abandoned ; for the rain had rendered the ground impassable for artillery. The straightest route, through the streets of the native quarter, would mean annihilation.

The plan pursued was to cross the canal by the Charbagh bridge, which was strongly fortified, and then wheeling to the right to follow the canal bank for some distance, finally plunging to the left through fortified houses to the much-desired Residency.

The next day was September 25th. It dawned in gloom. Havelock rose early, gave some time to private devotions, wrote letters, and breakfasted.

The sick and wounded were left in the Alumbagh Palace defended by a small detachment. The main body prepared for the attack about eight o'clock. First went Maude with the Artillery, with a couple of companies of riflemen. They were met by a semi-circle of fire, but still they pressed forward. On the other side of the bridge were solid banks of earth and a battery of guns, while houses on either side were full of sharpshooters.



GEN. SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

Outram and his riflemen cleared away rebels on their right, and fired across the canal at the side of the defenders of the bridge; Arnold with other riflemen endeavoured on the left to stop the fire from the houses; Maude in the centre strove to silence the enemy's battery. But little progress was made. Then the riflemen charged the bridge. Death rained upon them from the guns, but the main body swept on and carried the crossing. Then, "Quick march!" followed the regiments, the Highlanders

being left to guard the passage till the little army had passed. The others pressed along the canal side for some distance, then bearing to the left, and then again sharply to the left, they found themselves still some distance from the Residency. Some fearful street fighting had occurred ; but the gallant soldiers pressed their way onward. The Highlanders, after securing the passage of the bridge, forced their way also through the city, but in a different direction, and joined the main body near a narrow and winding street leading to a gate of the Residency known as the Bailey Guard.

It was the last terrible ordeal. From houses on both sides, and from side streets, poured a murderous and constant fire on the devoted band. The Highlanders led, the Sikhs followed. Forward they went through the tempest of deadly missiles, though men fell thick and fast, but at last a stirring shout ran down the line,—

“Hurrah !” the gate is at hand. And back came a welcoming shout. The sorely besieged had heard them and were greeting them ; and then, with a rush, the British reached the gate. They could not surge through it, for it was banked and defended from the inside ; but they swarmed through an embrasure in the wall hard by—an embrasure through which had poured a storm of death on the rebels ; but the gun was now withdrawn to make way for the gallant and dust-grimed rescuers.

What a scene was that within the walls ! Men and women who were utter strangers to each other grasped hands, and beamed with smiles of rejoicing and of welcome. “Thank God we’re in time !” the rescuers said. “Thank God we have saved you from the Cawnpore fate !” And the flickering torchlight

fell on hollow-eyed men and weeping women, and exhausted, blood-stained soldiers all thrilled with excitement in the overpowering feeling of the hour. For men and women of British blood there are few more heart-stirring scenes in history than this of the relief of Lucknow.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOUR OF VICTORY.

LUCKNOW was relieved partly, but its garrison was not able to escape. Though the British secured possession of several palaces and gardens, and thus enlarged the area of occupation, yet the siege was not lifted. The enemy recovered themselves the day after the entry, and kept up an incessant fusillade; they dug also twenty mines, which necessitated constant watchfulness and counter-mining.

Sir James Outram had now assumed the chief command. Havelock was placed in control of one division, charged with the duty of defending the palaces newly taken. Inglis, who had so nobly conducted the defence, had another division, whose work was still to guard the Residency itself.

Outram himself at first intended, after strengthening the garrison, blowing up the enemy's mines and destroying their defences, to retire with the main body to Cawnpore, but at the last he changed his mind. Perhaps he had heard that Sir Colin Campbell, the new Commander-in-Chief, was moving up rapidly to their relief. But grievous sickness set in among the much-tried little garrison, the rations of poor food became very scanty, and affairs began to look

very black indeed, when on November 9th, Outram heard that Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, with over 4,000 British soldiers and sailors, was approaching the Alumbagh.

And now shone forth a quiet deed of heroism and of cool daring which deserves to rank as one of the bravest and most remarkable exploits of the mutiny. Disguising himself as a native, Mr. Henry Kavanagh, a civil official, escaped from the Residency, and, threading his way through the rebel-swarmed city and the lines of the besieging army, reached Sir Colin Campbell, conveying advice and suggestions from Outram. There was no wild excitement of the sweeping charge to carry Kavanagh through, nothing but his own cool, calculated, desperate daring, and he was successful.

"How he could ever have made himself look like a native I know not," wrote Dr. W. H. Russell, war correspondent of the *Times*. "He is a square-shouldered, large-limbed, muscular man, a good deal over the middle height, with decided European features; a large head, covered with hair of—a reddish-auburn, shall I say?—moustache and beard still lighter; and features and eyes such as no native that ever I saw possessed. He has made himself famous by an act of remarkable courage—not in the heat of battle, or in a moment of impulse or excitement, but performed after deliberation, and sustained continuously through a long trial."

On November 14th Sir Colin advanced, and the garrison exerted itself to co-operate. For four days did the advance movement continue, Sir Colin taking a different route from that of Havelock and Outram, and bombarding palaces and buildings as he passed, mingled with street fighting and hand-to-hand con-

flicts. On the evening of the 17th the three generals met at a large building, called the Motee Mahol. Sir Hope Grant describes the meeting with Havelock thus :—

"Soon after we entered the Motee Mahol, General Havelock came from the Residency to meet us ; and I had the happiness to be the first to congratulate him on being relieved. He went up to the men,



HAVELOCK'S GRAVE AND ALUMBAGH PICKET HOUSE.

who immediately flocked around him, and gave him three cheers. This was too much for the fine old general ; his breast heaved with emotion, and his eyes filled with tears."

After a few genial words to the men, losses were compared ; and Havelock was grieved to find Sir Colin's loss was some 500 men and officers, killed and wounded. They then met Sir Colin and Sir James Outram, and the relief was at last accomplished.

The women and children and the sick and

wounded were brought out of the fire-scarred Residency to a camp some little distance out of Lucknow ; and then Havelock, who had been in very poor health, sickened with dysentery, and speedily became seriously ill. 'Mid a pattering rain of the enemy's bullets he, too, was carried to the Dilkoocha camp, where the sick and suffering were placed ; and presently the whisper ran that Havelock, the hero of Cawnpore and of Lucknow, whose name had literally become a household word at home, though scarce he knew it, and for whom a baronetcy and a pension were on their way—Havelock was dying in the hour of victory.

Sir Hope Grant went to see him, and records that the gallant old Christian soldier said, "*The hand of death is upon me ; God Almighty has seen fit to afflict me for some good purpose.*" To his noble friend Outram his last words were, "For forty years I have so ruled my life that I might face death without fear."

Without fear ! yes, so it was. Without fear he had nobly striven to do his duty on earth, and without fear he passed quietly away from its toil and its strife. He died calmly on November 24th, scarce seven days after the relief had been fully accomplished, and they buried him, with all the stern sadness of a soldier's funeral, beneath a mango tree on the Alumbagh ground.

Too late came the knowledge of his well-won honours, but not too late the calm and modest and restful consciousness that he, too, like Henry Lawrence and many another noble Englishman beside, in peace and in war had striven to do his duty. And no man can do more.

All Britain rang with his praise, but he heard it

not. Calmly he slept beneath the mango-tree ; and *Punch*, in fine lines that deserve to live, laid a laurel wreath of verse upon his honoured tomb,—

"He is gone. Heaven's will is best ;
 Indian turf o'erlies his breast.
 Ghoul in black nor fool in gold
 Laid him in yon hallowed mould.
 Guarded to a soldier's grave
 By the bravest of the brave,
 He hath gained a nobler tomb
 Than in old Cathedral gloom.
 Nobler mourners paid the rite
 Than the crowd that craves a sight.
 England's banners o'er him waved—
 Dead, he keeps the realm he saved.

"Strew not on the hero's hearse
 Garlands of a herald's verse :
 Let us hear no words of fame
 Sounding loud a deathless name :
 Tell us of no vauntful glory
 Shouting forth her haughty story.
 All life long his homage rose
 To far other shrines than those.
 'In Hoc Signo' pale nor dim,
 Lit the battle-field for him ;
 And the prize he sought and won
 Was the Crown for Duty done."

The character of Sir Henry Havelock was different in some important respects from those of Clive and of Warren Hastings. These two were statesmen, and Clive was a warrior, as well as a statesman. But Havelock was a warrior alone—a noble old Christian soldier, who was, barring politics, a Cromwell of the Indian army. Whether he would have developed a capacity for statesmanship, had opportunity arisen, cannot be decided ; but his name is cut wide and deep on the national muster-roll of fame as the officer who, with one of the smallest of forces and amid well-nigh insuperable difficulties and depressions, first beat back the dreadful tide of mutiny, and at the virtual loss of

his own life reinforced the sorely tried garrison of Lucknow.

His work was carried on by others. Sir Colin Campbell, in a masterly manner, conducted and completed operations in what may be called the northern provinces; for when England was once aroused some thousands of troops were soon on their way to Hindustan; and Sir Hugh Rose, in a brilliant campaign of five months, crushed out the mutiny in Central and Southern India. But amid all the great names and valiant deeds of that terrible time none shone with a greater lustre than that of Henry Havelock, who bore such a prominent part in the preservation of British India.





Lord Lawrence,
THE "SAVIOUR OF INDIA."

CHAPTER I.

RECONSTRUCTION.

was on a very different India that the eyes of men looked forth after the Mutiny.

That dire struggle continued more or less throughout the year, though the important battle ofilly was won on May 5th, 1858. But it was until January 1859 that Lord Canning issued amnesty proclamation—a wise measure, granting on to all who returned to the British allegiance, who had not taken actual part in the murder of British.

Before this, however, on August 2nd, 1858, been passed the most important Act in the ry of British India—the Act by which the ernment at last decided to recognise the inevit- and take over Hindustan as a British possession. Company, which had existed some two hundred

and fifty years, and whose dominion as a company had been without parallel in history, was to be abolished. The British Crown and Government were to be at the head, with a Viceroy instead of a Governor, and at last responsibility and power were to be fully and formally united.

Then was needed the wisdom of statesmen to reconstruct the administration. Everything had to be strengthened or re-formed anew.

Upon Lord Canning fell the task. He was the last Governor-General, and the first Viceroy. He had to be pacific without being weak ; he had to reconcile those who would hold India by the sword with those who would rule it, as it were, by love. He had to greatly reduce the native army, and he had to deal with questions of the Indian Council and of finance—the latter especially a most difficult subject.

In carrying out the policy of reconstruction Lord Lawrence took a prominent part. Lawrence of the Punjaub he was familiarly called, by reason of his most valuable services in that province—especially in the time of the Mutiny. It was under Lord Canning that the transfer of India to the Crown was effected ; and it was under Lord Lawrence that the new order of things was consolidated.

Lawrence had enjoyed great experience, and had done splendid work before he became Viceroy. He was not a military man ; but his vigorous and determined action, together with that of his colleagues, Nicholson and Montgomery, had checked the rising in the Punjaub, and greatly aided the capture of Delhi.

Like Clive and Warren Hastings, he had been sent to India as a writer or clerk in the Company's service, and rose high in their employ. Born on

March 24th, 1811, at Richmond in Yorks, he was barely nineteen when he landed at Calcutta. His father was an old Indian officer, who had distinguished himself at the siege of Seringapatam, and John, or, to give him his full name, John Laird Mair Lawrence, was one of a numerous family. They were of Scots Irish descent, their mother, Miss Letitia Catherine Knox, claiming sturdy John Knox as an ancestor, and their father being a native of Coleraine. He had volunteered to India in his seventeenth year, and after his services at Seringapatam received command of a company in the 19th Foot. He married soon afterwards, and in 1808 he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of a battalion at Guernsey.

This place of abode, however, was not a permanent one. The family, in fact, led a roving life. In 1815, when Europe rang with the fame of Waterloo, the three eldest sons, Alexander, George, and Henry, went to Foyle College, Londonderry, the headmaster of which was their uncle, the Rev. James Knox.

Later on they attended a school at Bristol, John going with them; and it was here that he came much into the society of Henry, the brother who afterwards died at Lucknow. The school they attended was governed by a Mr. Gough, and was situate at College Green, Bristol; and John, a little urchin of eight, "as he describes himself," says Mr. Bosworth Smith, "used to trudge along four times a day with unequal steps by the side of his brother Henry, 'a bony powerful boy' of thirteen, over the hill which separates Clifton and Bristol. His sister recollects how, tired out by his walks and his work, he used, in the evenings, to lie at full length upon the hearthrug, preparing his lessons for the following day."

The discipline of the school was very severe, as was the case with some schools in those times; and Lawrence is reported to have himself said in after days, "I was flogged once every day of my life at school except one, and then I was flogged twice."

After a time John also went to Foyle College; and here, curiously enough, were three boys, all of whom afterwards became famous in connection with British India,—Henry Lawrence, John Lawrence, and Robert Montgomery. George, another brother of the Lawrence family, who was afterwards imprisoned by the Afghans, was also a boy at this College.

But John did not remain long at Foyle. Mr. John Huddleston, his mother's cousin, and a Director of the East India Company, gave him a commission; and after a couple of years at Haileybury he went off to India as a clerk.

With his brother Henry he arrived at Calcutta on February 9th, 1830; and after a weary time of waiting was appointed Assistant Commissioner at Delhi. Thither he went by palanquin.

His brother Henry, who had a commission in the Artillery, was stationed at Kurnaul, about seventy-five miles distant from Delhi, and John was constantly able to visit his relative there.

Like Clive, John Lawrence had his dark days at first. A fair offer in England would have taken him home again at once. This, however, passed; and his after success shows the value of persistence and perseverance, even though the course may seem unpromising and depressing at first. Having qualified in Persian and in the Urdu language he was sent off to Delhi, and once there he put all his energies into his work.

That work at first was an assistant-judgeship and

collectorship. His jurisdiction was the city of Delhi and its environs—except the palace of the Great Mogul, who still reigned a titular sovereign. Even then the just and stable administration of the British must have been marked by the natives as in striking contrast to the lawlessness prevailing without.

A great friend of Lawrence was Charles Trevelyan, who, in spite of the obloquy which he might encounter, fearlessly attacked high-placed corruption, and found a firm supporter and assistant in John Lawrence. The close personal friendship between these two, begun here, lasted for near half a century, and was only closed by death.

Four years Lawrence remained in Delhi, his life there giving him a great insight into the condition of the people from the highest to the lowest. Then he was given a district, the chief place in which was Paniput, only twenty miles from Kurnaul. His duty was to collect the land-tax, which forms a great source of the Indian revenue, and he had also to administer justice. "Everything which is done by the executive government is done," wrote Mr. R. H. Cust in the *Calcutta Review*, "by the collector in one or other of his capacities—publican, auctioneer, sheriff, roadmaker, timber-dealer, recruiting-sergeant, slayer of wild beasts, bookseller, cattle-breeder, post-master, vaccinator, discount of bills, and registrar."

The collector-magistrate also rides to the people. He goes about redressing human wrongs. "Divested of all state, and often quite alone," writes Mr. Bosworth Smith, "he visits each village . . . takes his seat under some immemorial tree or beside the village well, where the village elders soon cluster around him. He talks to them, listens to their stories and their grievances, discusses the weather

and the crops, and settles on the spot itself—sometimes by a mere word, sometimes by a long investigation of many days together—some outstanding boundary dispute which has been the cause of heart-burnings and head-breakings for many generations. He thus gets to know the people and to be known of them." He is rewarded "by their gratitude, their respect, and their affection."

The people in Lawrence's district were very different from the meek and supple Hindu. They were Jats, Goojurs, and Mohammedan Rajpoots, devoted to their land and their cattle, thieves some of them and murderers to boot. Lawrence ruled them vigorously and well. He laboured incessantly and strove earnestly.

"He was," writes Mr. Charles Raikes, a great friend of Lawrence, and who came to be one of his assistants, "at all times and in all places, even in his bedroom, accessible to the people of his district. He loved his joke with the sturdy farmers, his chat with the city bankers, his argument with the native gentry, few and far between. When out with his dogs and gun he had no end of questions to ask every man he met. After a gallop across country, he would rest on a charpoy, or country bed, and hold an impromptu *levée* of all the village folk, from the head man to the barber, '*Jan Larens*,' said the people, '*sub janta*,' that is, knows everything. For this very reason he was a powerful magistrate, and, I may here add, a brilliant and invaluable revenue officer."

Then he took great personal interest and trouble in his work. If news came of any serious crime he was into the saddle, and off at once to the place. His determination to see and hear everything

himself in any disputes quite disposed of informers and flatterers; while his impartial severity, not harshness, rendered him greatly respected.

Many were the hairbreadth escapes and adventures he experienced in this kind of life. On one occasion he was saved from certain death by the sagacity or superiority of sight in his horse—a fine Arab, which he had purchased for two thousand rupees—all he had in the world. He was riding home one dark night late, when the horse suddenly came to a dead stand and refused to proceed, notwithstanding all urging. He was obliged to return home by riding round the spot. Next day he visited the place, and discovered to his amazement that he had ridden full tilt to the mouth of a big reservoir over twenty feet deep! It was his belief that the large full eye of the horse was able to perceive light invisible to man, and had caught a glimpse of the chasm below.

These five years of collectorship, combined with magisterial duty, were invaluable to Lawrence throughout his life. He so used those years that he gained an intimate knowledge of the people, their characteristics and customs, their peculiarities of land tenure and of agricultural pursuits.

In 1836 he was appointed to similar duty in the southern part of the Delhi district; but before long he was called to take part with Robert Bird in a most important duty—viz., the preparation of a survey or Domesday Book of 72,000 square miles of the Indian north-west—a stupendous task, in which the fields were mapped out and measured, the soil set down, and the assessment fixed for some score of years. The settling of disputes, as to boundaries and ownership, was effected, at Bird's

suggestion, by a village jury meeting at the place itself and under a Commissioner. Among the men assisting Bird in this truly gigantic task were the brothers Lawrence, Thomason, Mansel, and others. According to the state of affairs which appears to have then prevailed in the north-west, a land settlement was sorely needed, and the Commission did not get to work a day too soon. John Lawrence's district was Etawa, near to Agra and Mynpoorie, and situate on the left of the river Jumna.

Etawa had suffered severely from drought, and was in the throes of a fearful famine. Here Lawrence no doubt gained that experience which he afterwards used and wrought into maxims for the government of India—viz., that public money should be spent on the making of canals, and of tanks for the purpose of irrigation ; and for the building of bridges and construction of roads for improving the means of communication. By these efforts, he believed that more would be done to fight famine than by any other method.

After a bad attack of jungle fever, Lawrence moved down the Jumna to a healthier place, Allahabad, and then on again to Calcutta. A bad illness followed here, and he was ordered home for three years on furlough.

CHAPTER II.

"SEND UP JOHN LAWRENCE."

LAWRENCE returned to the family home at Clifton. That seems to have been the most permanent dwelling place of his parents in their wandering life ; but his fine-spirited, generous old father had passed away.

The mother was still living, provided for by the contributions of four of her sons, of whom John was the largest donor; Letitia, the much-loved eldest sister, had become Mrs. Hayes.

John himself succumbed to a similar fate. He fell in love with Miss Harriet Catherine Hamilton, the daughter of an Irish clergyman, while on a visit to Ireland; and after an engagement of a couple of months only, the marriage was celebrated on August 26th, 1841. Like the marriages of Clive, of Hastings and of Havelock, it proved to be one of the greatest happiness.

But the early months of marriage were clouded by disastrous news from Afghanistan, namely the destruction of the British army in Cabul, and the imprisonment of George Lawrence by the Afghans. To so vigorous and energetic an official as John Lawrence, the calamitous intelligence must have come like a trumpet call to duty. He left with his wife on October 1st, 1842, after bidding farewell—the longest farewell on earth they must both have known that it would be—to his mother at Clifton.

She, quite an aged lady, had then nine of her own sons and daughters, and ten of her grandchildren, around her. It must have been with joy and pride, and yet regret and sorrow, that they saw another stalwart son of the family going forth to that land which had brought them so much anxiety for the fate of the others.

Six weeks later John Lawrence and his wife arrived at Bombay. They had travelled by the Overland Route, and then had to make their way by palanquins to Allahabad. They arrived to find the Afghanistan troubles of 1838-42 brought to a close

and everybody glad to be free from that terrible difficulty. The young couple spent a month at the house of his brother, Richard Lawrence, at Cawnpore, and later they met his brother George, just returning from his imprisonment in Afghanistan. They then went on to famous old Delhi, where John was appointed temporarily a Sessions Judge, through the good offices of the Commissioner of Agra—a service which Lawrence never forgot. At its close, he received another post in the same district, his head-



SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.

quarters being at Kurnaul, and here on June 10th, 1843, his eldest daughter was born. At length, at the end of 1844, he became Magistrate-Collector of Delhi and Paniput, and about this time also his second daughter was born.

Then came the first Sikh war, and a great opportunity occurred for John Lawrence. The Governor-General, the noble Sir Henry Hardinge, had spent some pleasant times with the energetic Collector at Delhi, and when, after the terrible battle of Ferozshah, the fate of India hung, as it were, in the balance,

he sent in haste to Lawrence for ammunition and guns. Lawrence was equal to the pressing occasion. By splendid organisation, by the promptest measures, and by just treatment, he gathered together a long train, and sent it speedily to the front. The great victory of Sobraon followed, and India was saved.

Sir Henry Hardinge did not forget the man who had responded so nobly to his call. "Send up John Lawrence," he wrote to James Thomason, Lieutenant-Governor of the Provinces, when he wanted a Governor for the new state, which was to arise after the war; and so on March 1st, 1846, John Lawrence went up to Umritsur, the Sikh capital, to receive his instructions.

And now he had a rise indeed. He emerged from the comparatively obscure though eminently useful sphere he had filled to the fuller blaze of more public life.

His territory was called the Jullundur Doab, situate between the Beas and Sutlej rivers, and chiefly peopled by industrious Jats. He set to his work with his usual energy. A summary of the revenue was one of his first tasks; another a promulgation of orders against the hideous practices of suttee or widow-sacrifice, female infanticide, and the burying alive of lepers.

A great reform he accomplished, by dint of strength of will and tenacity of purpose, was the abolishment of tax payment in corn, the substitution of payment in money, and the sweeping away of middlemen. By this means a great relief was given to the tax-payers; and when once they discovered the advantages of the new system they desired no longer to return to the old. By dint, too, of his vigorous action he soon quelled any resistance that

arose, and his determination, in a case of insurrection, as evinced in the hauling and pushing of heavy guns up the hill fort of Kote Kangra by means of elephants, so impressed the garrison that they surrendered quietly! No doubt also his wise and just policy of endeavouring to render the people comfortable and contented contributed much to his success as a ruler of the Indian races.

A temporary post as Acting-Resident at Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub, followed, held while he was Commissioner at the Jullundur Doab; and here, as ever, he met the tortuous duplicity and intrigues of Indian diplomacy by sound English straightforwardness. "There is not," he wrote, "in my judgment, the slightest trust to be placed in any person or any party here. There is an utter want of truth and honour in all." To meet such a network of duplicity was no light task.

When the new Resident came, John Lawrence returned to his district of the Jullundur Doab, and with the second Sikh war he had but little to do. It ended with the crowning victory of Gujerat, and the submission of the army of the Sikhs. "Thirty-five chiefs," said Edwin Arnold, "laid down their swords at Gilbert's feet, while the Sikh soldiers, advancing, one by one, to the file of the English drawn across the road, flung down tulwar, matchlock, and shield upon the growing heap of arms, salaamed to them as to the 'spirit of the steel,' and passed through the open line, no longer soldiers."

The Punjaub—the territory of the five rivers—now lay at the feet of the British, and Lord Dalhousie, then Governor-General, determined to annex the state. It was not only a wise, but under the circumstances an inevitable step. The British had

endeavoured to prop up the state, but without success ; and twice had it attacked them without provocation. It was better to declare openly that they would henceforth rule it themselves.

This proclamation was read at Lahore on March 29th, 1848. The reigning dynasty was deposed ; its representative was to live where he chose outside the land of the five rivers, and was to rejoice in a pension of £50,000 per annum, while all the Crown jewels and property were to be handed over to the British.

CHAPTER III.

RULING THE PUNJAB.

THE new territory was to be ruled by a Board—a novel experiment in British Indian history. It was not so successful as to warrant its long continuance or its repetition ; but it lived three years and did splendid work.

This is not surprising when we consider its members. First was the chivalrous, high-souled Henry Lawrence, brother of John, somewhat aristocratic in his tendencies, and in this respect a contrast to his brother, the second member, who leaned rather to democratic views. Thirdly, there was the philosophic Mansel, different from either of the two brothers, but of considerable experience, and able to take calm, all-round surveys of subjects. Also, he was gifted with a sometimes irritating, but very useful, power of discovering weak points in any course of action. Thus in the new Board the civil and military elements were both represented, and this representation was continued throughout the staff.

Under the Board the territory was divided into four districts, each with a Commissioner, and under them again a number of assistant-commissioners.

In about three years the Sikh race, perhaps the most turbulent in India, were brought to submission and contentment, the frontier secured by skilful defensive arrangements, the country disarmed, and means provided for the prevention and detection of crime. Cattle-stealing and robbery by gangs of freebooters, or Dacoity, and the detestable Thuggism, or murder by strangulation, were among the law-breakings which the Board had to suppress. Then there were two great engineering triumphs for improved communication—the construction of the great Trunk Road and of the Bari Doab Canal—while all native customs that were absolutely vicious in themselves were prohibited. Lastly, there was the settlement of the revenue and of the inevitable land tax. The efforts of the Board were successful: the Punjaub became peaceful and contented, and in every way a most satisfactory addition to the British rule in India.

In October 1851 Mr. Robert Montgomery succeeded Mr. Mansel as member of the Board. Montgomery had been at Foyle College with the Lawrences; and the three old schoolfellows were now associated together as the rulers of the Punjaub! They were dining together on Christmas Day 1851, when, their thoughts turning no doubt to the far-off home across the seas, Henry said,—

“I wonder what the Simpsons are doing now.”

The Simpsons were ushers at Foyle College, and probably the active lads had not led the Simpsons an easy life in days gone by. Thinking they must be then poorly off in this world's goods, the three

decided, on a suggestion of Henry's, to subscribe £50 each, and send it as a Christmas-box for their old tutors; and the money with a kindly message travelled across the seas. The gift was almost forgotten amid the stress of hard and absorbing work, when there came a pathetic letter of thanks beginning "My dear kind boys," though "boys" had been crossed out and friends substituted.

Mr. Bosworth Smith, relating this story, says that since the issue of the first edition of his "Life of Lord Lawrence" he has been informed that a fourth £50 note was added to the fund by a fourth pupil, now Sir George Lawrence. And later on, when Montgomery was banqueted at Londonderry after his return from the agony of the Mutiny in which, with the Lawrences, he had done such inestimable service in the Punjaub, one of the Simpsons was able to be present.

The immediate, pressing work for which the Board was established had now been practically accomplished, and the two brothers Lawrence, differing on some points of public policy, resigned. It was for the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, to choose between them. He had already decided to supersede the Board by one Governor, and the time had now come. John Lawrence was appointed Chief Commissioner. Under him were two Principal Commissioners—Montgomery, chief of the Judicial, and Edmonstone, chief of the Financial, departments. Henry Lawrence, one of the best-beloved and most highly esteemed of Indian officials, was appointed to Rajpootana.

The work before the Chief Commissioner was very similar to that undertaken by the Board he had superseded. The settlement of the land revenue

was always proceeding; and it is said that John Lawrence showed more of his brother's leniency to the natives after that brother had gone.

In July 1854 Sir Richard Temple arrived, to become the Secretary of the Punjaub Government; and one of his first duties was to draw up a report on the progress accomplished. It was a very satisfactory tale that he had to tell. "While the remnants of a bygone aristocracy," he wrote, "are passing from the scene, not with precipitate ruin, but in a gradual and mitigated decline, on the other hand, the hardy yeoman, the strong-handed peasant, the thrifty trader, the enterprising capitalist, are rising up in a robust prosperity, to be the durable and reliable bulwarks of the power which protects and defends them. Among all classes there is a greater regard for vested right, for ancestral property, for established principles."

In this year, about the time of the Crimean war, Lawrence had to turn his attention from Punjaubi affairs to those of Afghanistan. He was led to conclude a treaty with the ruler of that country, concerning which, however, he does not appear to have thought very highly. His idea of policy with regard to Russian or native designs in that quarter was that the British should be strong on the British-India side of the passes, and then the rulers of India might laugh at all beyond. From that opinion he never wavered throughout life.

This period was also a time of peaceful progress in other parts of India, and Lord Dalhousie's rule was marked by many improvements in communication, such as the construction of railways—which were planned on an enormous scale and partially begun—and telegraphs, of which 4,000 miles were

erected, and in the development of the resources of the country and the elevation of its people. His term of office was now drawing to a close, and on March 6th, 1856, he returned to Britain.

John Lawrence, whom Dalhousie respected and liked as much perhaps as any of his chiefs in India, was at Calcutta to bid him farewell, and to make the acquaintance of the new Governor-General, Lord Canning. And when he returned to Lahore the news followed him from England that he had been made a Knight Commander of the Bath, and was henceforth to be known as Sir John Lawrence.

And so drew on the fateful months of the beginning of 1857. In February and March of that year Lawrence was engaged in the northerly parts of his province, and returned to Lahore at the close of March. So little did he, apparently, anticipate any disturbance that he was proposing to visit Cashmere, when Lord Canning's reply to his proposition, that perhaps his services might be wanted nearer, led him to abandon his wish.

And then appeared, even in the Punjaub, some faint signs of the coming storm, which was to shake British India to its centre. At Umballa trouble began to appear about the cartridges, and incendiaries commenced their fell work at night ; but prompt measures were taken, and it was hoped that the disturbance was stopped. Lawrence was not well, and was on his way from Lahore to Murri, when on May 12th the terrible news was flashed to him from Delhi by telegraph, that the Sepoys had raided over from Meerut, and were in the full blaze of mutiny.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE SAVIOUR OF INDIA."

DELHI, the imperial city, in possession of mutinous Sepoys!

That was enough to stir the spirit and rouse the resolution of John Lawrence. He was tortured with neuralgia, but he nobly responded to the call of duty. Letters and telegrams were sent to all parts.

His old friend Montgomery was at Lahore, and with the utmost promptitude ordered the disarmament of the Sepoys; next, the chief forts of the Punjaub were garrisoned by a few European troops, and orders given to stop all letters of Sepoys. Calmness and vigorous action everywhere prevailed, and 36,000 Sepoys were held in check in an incredibly short space of time.

Then, while keeping his own province well in hand, Lawrence began to revolve in his mind means for aiding the recapture of Delhi. He had, in various parts of the Punjaub, about a dozen British regiments, totalling some 11,000 men, also a force known as the Punjaub Irregulars—about 12,000 in number—sparsely defending a frontier six hundred miles long, and some military police numbering 13,000 men.

It soon became apparent that the ordinary population were not in sympathy with the mutineers; and before long he was able to raise a force of recruits, and to launch soldiers across country to the siege of Delhi. On June 8th, two British contingents, one from Umballa in the Punjaub, and the other from Meerut, combined their forces, drove a body of rebels before them, and took up their position

on a stony ridge of ground to the north of the imperial city; and here they clung for weeks. Spite of constant attacks and of terrible losses they stuck to their almost hopeless task with desperate pertinacity.

To achieve the reconquest of Delhi—the key to India it might almost be called—Lawrence sent so many reinforcements that he weakened his own resources—almost more than he dare. So terrible grew the crisis that the question of abandoning Peshawur, a place of the utmost importance, was earnestly debated.

At length Nicholson, sent by Lawrence with a spirited little force, who were flushed with success, reached the city; and shortly after came the siege train. Even Lawrence had now done his best. He had sent the last man he could possibly spare, but scarce 9,000 men were there, of whom only a few over 3,000 were British. On September 14th Nicholson led the desperate attack, and after a day of severe fighting the city was won.

It was a dear-bought victory. John Nicholson, the heroic and able soldier, had lost his life.

It is said that the iron Lawrence was so affected that he shed tears at the sad news. But those were days when poignant sorrow as well as spirited action were brought to many a resolute man and stern official.

But Delhi was once more in British possession, and the Mogul a prisoner. And it had been virtually accomplished by Lawrence of the Punjaub. Except the few troops from Meerut and from Scinde, all the soldiers, guns, and money had come from him, and they had come, too, while Lawrence was keeping all disaffection in check within his own borders.

Lord Canning, in a long minute on the services of officers in the mutiny, roundly stated that through Lawrence Delhi was re-taken, and that, but for him, the hold of Britain over Upper India would have had to be recovered at a cost of blood and treasure defying calculation.

The help given to the retaking of Delhi was, of course, continued by Lawrence to Sir Colin Campbell and his operations to suppress the mutiny. Further, he assisted in the re-organisation of the army of Bengal, and, indeed, in the whole governmental system of India.

The Queen's Proclamation, which set forth to the people of India that the Company's rule was to be abolished, was read in many places on November 1st, 1858. It was a noble and comprehensive document, and is believed to have been drafted by Lord Derby and altered in parts by Her Majesty herself.

It was marked by a lofty tone of firmness and of courage, mingled with benevolence and toleration. It set forth that the Queen would rule the territories in India hitherto administered by the East India Company in trust for Her Majesty, and confirmed the officials of the Company in their posts; it declared that all treaties and engagements with the native princes would be scrupulously maintained, and that the rights, dignity, and honours of those princes should be respected and guarded. Expressly was it set forth that, while "firmly relying on the truth of Christianity," the Sovereign would not impose her convictions on any of her subjects, and that none would be "molested or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith or observances"; further, that all natives would be protected in their rights connected with their lands; and that so far as might

be any of the Queen's subjects, of whatever creed or race, should be impartially and freely admitted to offices in Her Majesty's service, the duties of which they might be qualified by integrity, education, and ability to discharge. Pardon was granted to those who, having been misled by false reports, were now desirous to return to their duty. The Viceroy, Lord Canning, also issued a Proclamation calling upon the natives to show loyalty to the British Sovereign.

Some months after the suppression of the mutiny, Lawrence returned home. His wife and children had preceded him by some months, and he was longing to see them. But before he went he had thrown in his lot with those who pursued and recommended a conciliatory policy after the mutiny; and he had with characteristic energy increased the support and extended the usefulness of the Lawrence Asylum—afterwards Asylums, for three came into existence—for the support of the orphans of European soldiers. He arrived in London in the early part of 1859, to find that, as Lord Stanley put it, "his name and achievements were in everybody's mouth." He was the "lion" of the hour, and everywhere was known as the saviour of India.

CHAPTER V.

THE VICEROY.

LAWRENCE'S work for India was not yet done. He was engaged at the India Office in London, and, after a well-earned holiday in Ireland, settled down with his family and a much-loved sister to life in London.

Lady Lawrence has furnished Mr. Bosworth Smith with a neat little picture of his life at that time. "We kept," says she, "early hours in those days. At 8.30 A.M. the household met for family prayers, and the large party of children breakfasted with us afterwards. He used to be the life of the gathering, and the merry stories he told, and his romps with the children, are well remembered. About 10 A.M. he started for the India Office, and did not generally return till late in the evening; but before he left home he was always ready to give help to me in every little domestic matter. The evenings were generally spent in reading aloud. Sometimes he read to himself; but he was so sociable, and so enjoyed the family being all gathered round the fireside, that he preferred this to reading alone in the library. He took great interest in politics, but no active part in them. He occasionally brought home work from the Office; and I remember sitting with him at night and copying out his papers as fast as he wrote them. This was such a pleasure to me, recalling, as it did, the old Indian days. There was not much occasion for this kind of work now; only it made me very happy."

Lady Lawrence also wrote: "His religious faith was the most beautiful and simple I have ever known. 'Fear God and keep His commandments' was the rule of his daily life. We used to read the Bible together every day, and I have now by me the large-print volumes he used latterly, with his marks at the different passages which particularly interested him."

And Captain Eastwick testified: "Lord Lawrence gave the impression as of one walking in the presence of an Omnipotent, All-merciful, All-just Master, to whom he solemnly believed he was to render hereafter

an account of the deeds done in the body. He made no professions, and rarely originated religious topics in our conversations, though he did not object to talk on the theological questions of the day when I mooted them. He had a great aversion to that peculiar phraseology which some well-meaning people use in speaking on religious matters. But, when treating such subjects, his tone was simple, unaffected, and eminently religious."

In November 1863 came the news of Lord Elgin's death. He had succeeded Lord Canning as Viceroy, and now there was another vacancy for that high post. It was filled by the appointment of John Lawrence.

"I suppose," writes his wife, "few people would believe that this announcement made me miserable. I could think of nothing but our broken-up home, another separation from our children, and all the risk of climate and hard work for him. Naturally, he felt otherwise, and was proud of the position offered him."

Proud and pleased he was ; but it was characteristic of the man that even in that triumphant hour there was wrung from his heart one cry of painful regret, "I shall never see my child again !" This was Bertie, his youngest boy, who had been born at Southgate recently, and between whom and his father existed the closest affection.

The stern and capable and vigorous "saviour of India " would give up hours to play with the little lad ; and the thought that he should not see his little boy again, as a little boy, was too much for the great and noble Viceroy.

He went forth alone, on December 9th, 1863, a few days after his appointment, his wife following later. His nomination was received with a burst

of applause from all quarters, and he was welcomed with the most cordial greetings from crowds of natives and Europeans at Calcutta.

For six years John Lawrence was Viceroy, and his term of service in that splendid office completed forty years of work in India. Energetic and stormy as some of those years had been, his Viceroyalty was comparatively peaceful, uneventful, and happy. His general policy may perhaps be best seen in his words to Sir Bartle Frere, then Governor of Bombay: "Make India peaceful, prosperous, and contented. First assure the neighbouring tribes that you do not covet their territory, and will not meddle with their independence, and then, *when* Russia comes—if ever she does come—with hostile intention, they will be to you as a wall of adamant against her; and you will be able to enter their territories, not as their enemies, but as their allies and friends."

Again at the great Durbar or Congress at Agra, speaking of English rule, he said: "The days of war and rapine, it is to be hoped, have passed away from Hindustan, never to return. But perhaps some of the Chiefs now present can recollect the time in India, and all must have heard of the times, when neither the palace of the ruler, nor the cottage of the peasant, nor the most sacred edifices of Hindu or Mohammedan, were safe from the hands of the plunderer and the destroyer. In those days, whole provinces were one scene of devastation and misery; and in vast tracts of country scarcely the light of a lamp was to be seen in a single village. English rule in India has put all this down. No longer is the country a waste of a wilderness, the abode of savage animals. It is now, to a great extent, covered with populous villages and rich with cultiva-

tion, while the inhabitants are living in comparative safety under the shade of English power”

These sentences epitomise the main results of British rule in India, and to these results Lord Lawrence himself very signally contributed.

It must not be supposed that because his viceroyalty was comparatively uneventful it was therefore of little importance. He took a large part in that construction and consolidation of English government which occurred after the mutiny. He helped to make the splendid India of to-day, with its long lines of railways and telegraphs, irrigation canals to prevent famine, its bridges, its roads, its improved sanitary arrangements, and its excellent and healthy barracks and gaols. These works have been constructed at the cost of millions of money ; but so admirably have they been financed that the people of India have felt comparatively little of the burden of taxation. That the British have made mistakes, that our rule is not perfect, we may admit, but that in the main we have done our duty by the many races of the Empire, and that they are more peaceful and prosperous for our rule, no honest, impartial, and instructed critic can deny.

The main feature which perhaps more than any other stands out from the general policy of Lord Lawrence's Viceroyalty is the principle of constructing, on a great scale by the State, canals for irrigation and railways for speedy communication. Taxation in India is a difficult and a burning question, and these great works were made by means of loans. And this policy adopted by his successors has given to India a great increase of prosperity, and a great protection from the dread foe of famine.

¹ A difficult question settled during his term of

office was that of the rights of native cultivators of the soil ; and in this controversy he took part with them as against the native aristocrats and the planters. It was settled in Bengal by laying down the wise principle that rents should only be increased proportionately to the increased value of produce.

In the same way in Oude it was decided that rent could not be raised, except on application to a law court, and that when raised cultivators were to be entitled to compensation for their improvements. In short, Lawrence, in his internal policy, strove to treat the millions of India with justice, to render them contented, and to protect their rights, although this course of action might place him in opposition to certain of the aristocratic and propertied classes. While quite prepared to wield the sword vigorously when necessary, he was yet anxious to base British rule—as every government should be anxious—on the just treatment and on the contentment of the great masses of the people.

With regard to Afghanistan and the Russian advance through Central Asia his policy was one, in a sense, of non-interference, except to cultivate friendliness with Afghanistan itself. He would place reliance on such friendliness, on a thoroughly efficient army in Hindustan, and on the attachment of the masses of the people to our rule. One of his last official acts in India was to sign an important State-paper giving effect to these views.

The end of his long Indian career was now drawing nigh. His reign as Viceroy had been one of peace, and of remarkable progress. It had capped a long and most useful career, of which his own words to his fellow-countrymen, " Be just and

kind to the natives," might be taken as the motto and the watchword. In January 1869 he sailed for home.

Lawrence lived some ten years after returning to England, and though worn and broken, yet his temperate ways of life enabled him at first to enjoy fair health. Soon after his return he was offered a pecrage and a pension of £2,000 per annum. When the first School Board for London was elected he was one of the members, and was chosen its first Chairman. He was also a Director of the North British Insurance Company, and took part in philanthropic work of various kinds. He was wont at times to attend the Committee meetings of the Church Missionary Society, and expressed high regard for the work done by missionaries in India.

Three years before his death his sight began to fail. Some painful operations were performed, and after very much suffering it was partly restored. In recreation he was much addicted to the game of croquet, and was wont to play at Brockett Hall sometimes for hours, even in pouring rain.

One more great service was Lord Lawrence to render to his country, and that was to oppose the mistaken and ill-fated policy of interference in Afghanistan; and it is reported that when he heard that Major Cavignari and his escort were to remain at Cabul, he foretold, with a prescience born of intimate knowledge and of well-considered thought, that "They will all be murdered; every one of them." He did not live to see all his prophecies realised, but that they were only too sadly fulfilled history relates. Major Cavignari and his escort unhappily were murdered. It may be hoped that henceforth we may be guided more by that sound frontier-policy laid down

by Lawrence, and by many other eminent Anglo-Indians beside.

In June 1879 he caught a severe chill in heavy rain, a chill which was increased afterwards when returning from a debate in the House of Lords. A few days later he passed quietly away.

Lord Lawrence was one of the noblest and most able of our great Indian rulers. The son of a military man and the brother of soldiers, he never undervalued the use of arms, and was prepared on occasion to use them with the utmost vigour ; but he was a civilian also, and as such his object was to govern not solely by the sword but with justice tempered by mercy, and by seeking to promote the happiness and the contentment of the people he ruled. He was ever on the side of the people—the dumb, patient millions of India—and those last words of his to “be just and kind to the natives” explain his policy and remain his legacy.

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Since the Mutiny, and during the succeeding years, of reconstruction, of peace, and of progress, the beneficent work of consolidation and conciliation has gone steadily forward.

To Lord Lawrence succeeded Lord Mayo, whose noble work was cut all too short by the assassin's knife. The dastardly deed had no political import. It was accomplished by an ex-criminal, who had been condemned to transportation for killing a hereditary enemy on British ground. Not regarding this as a crime, he determined in revenge to slay a notable European. When set at liberty as a ticket-of-leave-man he accomplished his fell purpose only too surely..

The chief keynote of Lord Mayo's policy was conciliation. He recognised, however, very clearly the necessity of maintaining a full force of European troops, and we may be sure that he also recognised, as many others have done, two very important lessons of the Mutiny, viz., that the Sepoys, whom the Company relied upon as its great strength, proved its great weakness, while the native princes, whom the Company had viewed with suspicion, proved really a source of succour and of support.

The Sepoy army has been greatly reduced. At the time of the Mutiny—that is, in the year preceding the outbreak—there were 320,000 Native, and 39,000 European, troops in India. In 1891 there were 157,000 Native, and 72,000 British soldiers in that vast empire—a striking difference.

The policy of the British Government to the native princes has also been greatly changed. No longer regarding them as troublesome neighbours, who were to be fast bound by treaties and troops, and annexed whenever possible with justice, the Government has desired to support their sway over their own States.

Further, it has secured the succession of the Governors of the Feudatory States on as firm and just a principle as in the case of other property, and has not permitted such succession to depend on the pleasure of a potentate like the Great Mogul, as in former times, or of the Company, as in later days.

Moreover, Mohammedans and Hindus have been admitted to a large share of public employments, and participate more or less in a system of self-government. India being a vast empire with 225,000,000 people of different races and religions, certain initiatives and certain responsibilities are left to the

provinces, while they are subject to one strong but kindly headquarters' control.

Under a system of guaranteed and state railways, thousands of miles of railroad have been constructed, giving the boon of speedy and cheap internal communication ; and by ringing the North-west round with strong and friendly states, whose interest it is to remain allied with us, we build up a breakwater of defence against the stormy waves of aggression.

Thus, governing India with justice tempered by conciliation, admitting suitably trained natives themselves to participation in the work, and showing prince and peasant alike that it is to their interest to acquiesce in and to enjoy the wise, the stable, and the reasonable rule of the British Government, India may long remain one of the brightest jewels of the British Crown.

THE END

